

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## LIFE OR DEATH?

DOTH Life survive the touch of Death?  
 Death's hand alone the secret holds,  
 Which as to each one he unfolds,  
 We press to know with bated breath.

A whisper there, a whisper here,  
 Confirms the hope to which we cling;  
 But still we grasp at anything,  
 And sometimes hope and sometimes fear.

Some whisper that the dead we knew  
 Hover around us while we pray,  
 Anxious to speak. We cannot say:  
 We only wish it may be true.

I know a Stoic who has thought,  
 "As healthy blood flows through his veins,  
 And joy his present life sustains,  
 And all this good has come unsought,

"For more he cannot rightly pray;  
 Life may extend, or life may cease;  
 He bides the issue, sure of peace,  
 Sure of the best in God's own way.

"Perfection waits the race of man;  
 If, working out this great design,  
 God cuts us off, we must resign  
 To be the refuse of His plan."

But I, for one, feel no such peace;  
 I dare to think I have in me  
 That which had better never be,  
 If lost before it can increase.

And oh! the ruined piles of mind,  
 Daily discovered everywhere.  
 Built but to crumble in despair? —  
 I dare not think Him so unkind.

The rudest workman would not fling  
 The fragments of his work away,  
 If ev'ry useless bit of clay  
 He trod on were a sentient thing.

And does the Wisest Worker take  
 Quick human hearts, instead of stone,  
 And hew and carve them one by one,  
 Nor heed the pangs with which they break?

And more: if but Creation's waste,  
 Would He have given us sense to yearn  
 For the perfection none can earn,  
 And hope the fuller life to taste?

I think, if we must cease to be,  
 It is a cruelty refined,  
 To make the instincts of our mind  
 Stretch out towards eternity.

Wherefore I welcome Nature's cry,  
 As earnest of a life again,  
 Where thought shall never be in vain,  
 And doubt before the light shall fly.

Macmillan's Magazine.

E. B.

## WINTER SUNSET.

His brief day's journey done,  
 Behind the distant hill's empurpled crest,  
 With blood-red track traced on the water's  
 breast,  
 Slow sinks the sun.

The frosty diadem  
 Crowns every tree and whitens all the lawn,  
 Scattering, till melted by to-morrow's dawn,  
 Each glittering gem.

Upon each leafless branch  
 Hang tiny icicles. That bank of cloud,  
 Which to a crescent dwarfs yon orb so proud,  
 This night may blanch

The ground with pure white snow:  
 So on my head these silver streaks of age  
 The solemn sinking of life's sun presage  
 Ere long, I know;

But know, the golden morn,  
 Behind the purple hills of shadow-land,  
 Waits but the waking of a magic hand  
 To be reborn.

Tinsley's Magazine.

## THE TIDES.

UP the long slope of this low sandy shore  
 Are rolled the tidal waters day by day;  
 Traces of wandering feet are washed away,  
 Relics of busy hands are seen no more.  
 The soiled and trampled surface is smoothed  
 o'er

By punctual waves that high behests obey;  
 Once and again the tides assert their sway,  
 And o'er the sands their cleansing waters pour.  
 Even so, Lord, daily, hourly, o'er my soul  
 Sin-stained and care-worn, let Thy heavenly  
 Grace —

A blest, atoning flood — divinely roll,  
 And all the footsteps of the world efface,  
 That like the wave-washed sand this soul of  
 mine,  
 Spotless and fair, smooth and serene, may  
 shine!

Sunday at Home.

## DARKNESS.

The Sun is the eye of Day,  
 Yet its light conceals  
 The Life of a thousand suns  
 Which Night reveals.

And Love is the sun of Life,  
 Yet its light conceals  
 The vision of ampler Love  
 Which Death reveals.

Sunday Magazine. CHARLES W. STUBBS.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

## THE FRENCH PRESS.

## IV. FOURTH PERIOD.

## NEWSPAPERS DURING THE REVOLUTION.\*

## I.

THE Royal decree convoking the States General to meet at Versailles on the 5th May, 1789, was issued on the 15th July, 1788, which gave France almost ten months to prepare for the most eventful parliamentary election in her annals. There can be no doubt that this long time had much to do with the thoroughness of the revolution which followed the meeting of the Assembly. The King's decree had enjoined that the deputies of the three orders — nobility, clergy, people — should ascertain clearly what were the wishes of their constituents, in order to submit them to him in writing; and this invitation to all Frenchmen to set to work constitution-making stirred up every man who could hold a pen or declaim a dozen phrases on politics. No impediments were placed in the way of free discussion. It appeared to be the sincere wish of the King to come at length to an understanding with his people; and as the nation believed in his sincerity, the tone of the press suddenly softened, and the controversies as to which was the best of political systems were carried on, not without warmth indeed, but with general loyalty towards the Crown. None of the countless elections held in France during the past eighty years have been conducted with such independence and dignity as those for the States General. The unintelligent expedient of the ballot had not yet been devised: so the electors in borough and canton voted like men who felt they were discharging a responsible trust. They were actuated by a sublime faith, for the States General had not been convoked since 1614, and it was heartily believed that the Assembly would remedy all wrongs and cause a new era to dawn for the country. Accordingly, the men who went to Versailles as representatives

of the people were truly the pick of the Nation.\*

How the three orders assembled each in a separate room of the Royal Palace, and how the deputies of the Third Estate were impolitically presented to Louis XVI. with ceremonies intended to humiliate them and make them feel their inferiority to the nobility and clergy; how after this the three orders walked processionally from the Church of Notre Dame de Versailles to that of St. Louis, and heard a dull inaugural sermon by the Bishop of Nancy; "who missed," as Mirabeau said, "the grandest opportunity ever afforded to man for saying something fine, or holding his tongue;" and how M. Necker, the Controller of Finances, laid before the States his lamentable report on the monetary embarrassments of the kingdom, and hinted

\* The States of 1789 were the 17th in French history. The first was summoned in 1302, by Philip IV., on the occasion of his dispute with Pope Boniface VIII. The second met in 1308, and ratified the abolition of the order of the Templars; and the third were convoked by Philip IV. in 1313, to deliberate about taxes. In 1317 and in 1328, the States assembled again for the coronation of Philip V. and Philip VI., who inherited, by virtue of the Salic law, and desired to have that law confirmed; and in 1356 and in 1380 the States met again to appoint regencies: on the former occasion, during the captivity of King Jean in England, and in 1380, during the minority of Charles VI. It will thus be seen that the States General met seven times in the fourteenth century. The eighth meeting was in 1430, to ratify the Treaty of Troyes; the ninth in 1468, to prevent the dismemberment of Normandy in favour of the King's brother; the tenth in 1484, to recognize the majority of Charles VIII.; the eleventh, in 1506, to approve the marriage of Louis XII.'s daughter with the Duke of Angoulême (afterwards Francis I.); and the twelfth in 1560, when a code of commercial laws was drawn up, which continued in force till the Revolution. The thirteenth and fourteenth States General, known as the States of Blois, met in 1576 and 1588, and wasted much time in trying to reconcile the contendant factions of the League; and the fifteenth meeting was held in Paris in 1593 by the Leaguers, and voted to little purpose the perpetual exclusion of Henri IV. from the throne. The sixteenth States, convoked by Henri IV.'s widow, Marie de Medici, were remarkable from the fact that the representatives of the third estate made a resolute attempt to force a charter from the Queen Regent, and, had they been headed by a capable leader, they might then and there have established parliamentary government in France. As it was, they failed, but their attitude inspired so much terror to the Crown that Louis XIII. and his two next successors would listen to no proposals for re-summoning them. During 175 years taxes were levied, wars made, and treaties concluded without any national assent or ratification.

\* "The French Press," First, Second, and Third Periods, LIVING AGE, Nos. 1520, 1536, 1553.

that the deputies had been convoked solely to dispel these embarrassments, and for nothing else — all these details are well known to students of French history. Our purpose here is to show what part the Press played in the Revolution; and it must be said at once that this part was a leading one. From the day when the States met, journalism entered upon a new and fiercely combative phase. The days of theorizing were past; there was a national Parliament at Versailles, whose debates had to be reported on from day to day for the enlightenment of excited readers, and anxiously criticised. The deputies of the third estate had to be encouraged and stimulated, those of the nobility and clergy to be remonstrated with, appealed to, and threatened. Daily and hourly it was urged that the Parliament should be reminded that it was no mere readjustment of taxes that the nation demanded, but reforms full and searching; and above all, a Constitution. Mirabeau, Maret, Barrère, Brissot, Gorsas, Loustalot, Condorcet, Garet, Rabaud, St. Etienne, Louvet, Carra, Mercier, Fontanes, Chenier, Fréron, Marat, Hébert, Robespierre, Siéyès, and Babœuf — these were but a handful of the writers who plunged into the lists pen in hand, with each his own private paper and code of opinions. As to the ruck of lesser journalists, they were innumerable, for not only every man who could write, but every man who had received the faintest smattering of education, felt himself competent to give his advice on the crisis. A period had come when brains might hope to snatch away all the posts hitherto usurped by birth and privilege. Every Frenchman thinks he has brains, so every Frenchman saw in the desired revolution — first, his own welfare, and next, that of his fellow-citizens. From 1789 to 1791 the national eruptions of discontent, ambition, patriotism, folly, and fury, gave birth to more than 1,200 new journals in Paris alone.

Foremost among journalists, as among parliamentary debaters, was Mirabeau. He was born in 1749, and had passed his youth so disreputably that his father had been obliged to shut him up for several

years at Vincennes. Here he studied a good deal, wrote some immoral novels, and on his release was practised enough in penmanship to apply to M. de Calonne for a situation as Government clerk. The Minister judged him too intelligent, however, for a subordinate office, and sent him on a political mission to Prussia; but Mirabeau soon tired of diplomatic service. He visited England, and in 1786, full of ideas of liberty and constitutions, borrowed money sufficient to start a paper, which, oddly enough, he called the *Conservateur*. It was not an ordinary journal, but a weekly compilation of political extracts from ancient and modern authors, and Mirabeau avowedly launched it with the intention of earning an income, whilst he wrote pamphlets of his own on the topics of the day. But the public were not anxious to know what Cicero thought about universal suffrage, or Milton about a freedom of the Press; so the paper failed, and, after an unsuccessful attempt to obtain the editorship of the *Mercur*, Mirabeau joined with Brissot in founding *L'Analyse des Papiers Anglais*. It was characteristic of Mirabeau's thoroughly French mind, that undertaking to publish analyses of all that appeared in the London papers, he knew not a word of English, and his partnership with Brissot, who did know English, was not an idea of his own. "I heard," says Brissot, "what Mirabeau was going to do, and called on him to talk about his programme. He admitted that his English analyses were to be a mere mask under which he would discuss French affairs. 'That is,' said he, 'I shall dress up English essays so that they will seem to apply to our case.' 'But do you know English?' I asked. 'Not a syllable,' answered he; 'but no more do my readers. I daresay I shall learn in time by spelling over the papers regularly.' I then offered to assist him gratis, and he accepted, with his usual good nature. Prompt and bold in attack, he soon had some violent polemics with Mallet du Pan about the trial of Warren Hastings and the situation of the English in the East Indies, and in these my experience of England, and my knowledge of British history, stood him



in good stead. I also composed against Mallet a number of letters, which were published in Mirabeau's name, and I must do our adversary the justice to own that he was well acquainted with the subjects of which he wrote, whilst Mirabeau was on all points ignorant as a carp."

This ignorance of Mirabeau, and his cool recklessness of the fact, are points to notice, as also the peculiarity that he signed numbers of articles which he never wrote, for the same thing occurred with respect to his speeches. Mirabeau had a powerful imagination, a temperament of which the normal warmth was fever-heat, and a courage absolutely dauntless. He further possessed a great charm of manner, which attracted confidence, and many deputies of the States, who were deep thinkers but poor speakers, came to him with their written orations, which Mirabeau learned by heart, and delivered with all the fire of a zealot and the histrionic gestures of a first-rate actor. Of course, to assimilate and give force to the ideas of others is in itself a great gift, amounting almost to genius, but it is none the less true that if Mirabeau had been left to his own resources he would have made little mark either as a writer or as an orator. Thanks to Brissot and to a few other contributors of merit who were shrewd enough to link their fortunes to his, divining in him the stuff of success, the *Analyse* proved a great hit, and it was mainly owing to its influence that Mirabeau was returned to the States by the electors of Aix. The following little sketch of his election, given by Mirabeau in a letter to Brissot, will show how polling was managed in France in the solitary election of modern times that was held by open voting:—

"We were all treading on each other's heels at the door of the town-house, and I heard voices repeating ahead of me, 'Count of Mirabeau!' 'Count of Mirabeau!' They were citizens voting for me, and I beg you to believe that I had never heard music like it, not even the chinking of gold into my pocket after a successful night at *bouillotte*. I was wedged between two fat men, and I felt tempted to move the one in front of me,

for he smelt of a tanner's yard, and kept one of his muscular elbows in my left eye, which is the weak one. Judge, however, of my repentance when I heard this honest, ill-odoured fellow, whom I had never seen before, bawl out my name as if he and I were tried friends! I came next after him; and the Baillie, with his two assessors, seated behind a table, with clean linen on them, and the smile of good patriots on their lips, burst out laughing, and said, 'Have you come to vote for yourself, Count?'—'No,' said I, 'but I'll vote for the citizen in front of me, if you give me his name.' At this my tanning friend turned round, and stared at me as if he were appraising my skin. 'Are you the Count of Mirabeau?'—'Yes,' I answered, hoping he was going to add, 'Then come into my arms;' but he sketched a disappointed wink, and muttered, 'I shouldn't have thought it,' which I think made us quits. He gave me his vote, but nearly poisoned me with his effluvium, and then diminished my importance by a disparaging comment; however, I was generous, and gave him my vote, too, which was the only one he had. I also smiled on him, and left him abashed."

Once elected, Mirabeau felt he would need a more serious and dignified organ than his *Analyse*, and so started the *Etats Généraux*, the first number of which appeared on May 2, 1789, that is, three days before the opening of the session. It is the first French paper which promised to combine the two features of parliamentary report and long leading articles, for up to that time long articles were the exception, the French taste inclining to short paragraphs. The *Etats* only ran for two numbers, however, under the original title, for the first number contained so vehement a programme of the reforms which the nation expected, that the Ministry took alarm, and on May 6 suppressed the paper. This was throwing down the glove rather promptly, but the challenge was immediately caught up. The deputies of the Third Estate suspended their business and drew up a protest "in the name of freedom of thought and speech, the first of human rights;"

the nobility, not to be outdone, launched a similar protest, blaming the Count of Mirabeau's "violence of language," but submitting that a free press "appeared to be one of the necessities of the times;" the clergy with the usual caution of their order, declined protesting against the ministerial decree on the ground that they had no right to censure what was lawful; but at the same time they remarked that it would be advisable to grant deputies some liberty, "even the liberty to write rashly"—for the future. The fact is, Mirabeau's leader had not been rash or violent; it was merely an outspoken demand for all the freedom which England enjoyed, and the prohibition hurled at the paper was a foolish evidence of the panic into which the Ministry had been thrown on finding that the Third Estate were firmly resolved not to separate until they had voted a Constitution. However, when they saw what resistance was going to be offered, they retreated, and this the more readily as Mirabeau yielded in form. He suspended the *Etats Généraux*, but instantly brought out a new journal under the title *Letters of the Count of Mirabeau to his Constituents*, and six weeks later (that is, after the 19th Letter) this paper once more changed its name, and became the famous *Courrier de Provence*.

Liberty of the Press was thus struck for and obtained at the very outset of the Revolution, and it may be said of Mirabeau's papers that they are no bad samples of the lengths to which journalism may fairly be allowed to go. The *Letters* and the *Courrier de Provence* were wild according to modern notions; but they never descended to scurrility. A tone of exuberant earnestness pervades them, and Mirabeau's tendency to self-assertion is so strong that his own sayings and doings form the staple of almost every line, leading one to infer that, after the wont of a Frenchman, he looked upon the national revolution as his own unaided work. The *Courrier* was advertised to appear three times a week, and to consist of a sheet of eight octavo pages; but the editor's anxiety to see his speeches, motions, and bills reported at full length, with explanatory notes and long-winded leaders, soon drove him to issue double and quadruple supplements. Although the *Courrier* lasted but two years, its 350 numbers form a collection of seventeen volumes of 600 pages each, some of the numbers comprising as many as eighty pages. The *Courrier* never had

less than 20,000 subscribers; and one must look to it for the completest record of the debates in the National Assembly, and the stirring events out of doors that marked the first period of the Revolution.

## II.

THIS first period closed with the death of Mirabeau on the 2nd April, 1791, and after this the post which had been filled by the *Courrier de Provence*, as leading journal of the masses, was taken up by the *Ami du Peuple*, of which J. P. Marat was editor. This denotes the great change which the death of Mirabeau occasioned in the drift of the Revolution. Mirabeau had been reckoned the extremest demagogue in the States General; but, as is well known, he entered into negotiations with the Court for several months before his death, and the last numbers of the *Courrier* which he personally superintended are filled with exhortations to concord and moderation. These exhortations were not wholly disinterested, for Mirabeau received large sums from Marie Antoinette; but they were not the less heartfelt, for the reforms accomplished within two short years were more than enough to satisfy any reasonable man. On the refusal of the nobility and clergy to sit and vote in common with the Third Estate the deputies of the latter order had resolved themselves into a "National Assembly" (17th June, 1789), and Louis XVI., perceiving that he could not withstand them, had commanded the two other orders to join the new Assembly (27th June). From this time the work of legislation had proceeded at a pace little less than furious. On the 4th August, 1789, all feudal privileges were abolished; on the 23rd and 24th August freedom of conscience and liberty of the Press were decreed; on the 12th October, the King and Court having in the meanwhile been brought to Paris by the mob, the Assembly adjourned its sittings to the capital, and on the 2nd November was passed an Act confiscating all the lands of the clergy. On the 17th December the Assembly decreed the issue of *assignats* and their forced currency; on the 15th January, 1790, it abolished the old divisions of the kingdom into provinces, and created eighty-three departments, and on the 17th March it ordered the sale of the clergy lands to the extent of 700,000,000 francs. The nobility and clergy were not sufficiently overawed, however, and on the 19th and 27th Novem-

ber came two crushing Acts, the former abolishing all nobiliary titles, and the latter providing that all priests who wished to retain their benefices should take the oath of allegiance to the new Constitution which was being elaborated. To several of the above changes Mirabeau had been originally opposed. He had started with no other wish than to secure for France a House of Commons, an hereditary House of Lords, a free Press and free municipalities as in England; but the obstinacy of nobles and priests had driven him to advocate violent measures, and it was only when a Constitution had been prepared, which established one single Assembly, and reduced the royal prerogative to the mere rights of grace and veto, that he saw it was impossible to go any further without abolishing royalty itself. Whether, had he lived, the immense influence which he wielded would have been sufficient to avert other subversive changes, is open to question; but his death removed even the hope of conciliation, and was therefore in every way a catastrophe. The King, seeing no man among the reformers whom he could trust, lent himself to plots with foreign powers, and the nobles streamed out of the country and massed themselves at Coblenz, with the avowed object of invading the country with the Austrians and Prussians. Hereupon the Assembly, intent on depriving the Court of all means of corrupting waverers, or pardoning royalists who might take up arms against the Revolution, withdrew from the King his right of grace, abolished orders of knighthood, and confiscated the judicial and military patronage of the Crown, in so far as regarded appointments to the higher offices. Louis XVI., unable to endure all this, attempted to fly the country, but was captured at Varennes, and then the Assembly wound up their repeated acts of hostility by decreeing that the King should be suspended from his functions until he had sworn to maintain the Constitution. From this point, however, it was evident that unless saved by foreign interference the days of the throne were numbered, and Marat's *Ami du Peuple* began loudly to clamour for a republic, with "a Reign of Terror to frighten enemies at home and abroad."

Other papers in plenty joined in his clamour, and found impassioned readers, for the nation had by this time pretty nearly gone mad. The political changes had been so rapid, and had brought—as every general disturbance must—such

widespread misery with them, that people were frantic for rest, and rest, as they understood it, could only be obtained by removing the King, who was a useless obstacle in the way of a settled liberal régime. These views chiefly prevailed in Paris, where trade was in stagnation, specie at a discount, bread dear, and anarchy rampant. A great many rational people, who were not fire-eaters, but who were disgusted at the insolent waywardness of the nobles, the duplicity of the King, the prospect of an invasion, and the flood of minor ills which accrue from a weak Government, were ready for any measures which should bring about the state of Republican order, brotherhood, and general felicity which newspapers pictured; and the shameless slanders which were daily printed about the Court, the higher clergy, and the *émigré* nobles, added to this revolutionary fervour. At the moment when the National Assembly made way for the newly-elected "Legislative Assembly," in October, 1791, there were more than five hundred newspapers at work in Paris; and scarcely a score of these were devoted to the Court. Most of them were published twice a week, but some four dozen appeared daily, and there was a peculiarly foul sort of print called "mural newspapers," which were not published for sale, but to be posted at night on walls and hoardings, and which circulated defamations the most filthy and villanous. Anything like an enumeration of the five hundred papers would be impossible, but it may be well to record the names of the more important organs, edited by men who have left a name in history. First come the "Red" journals:—

*L'Ami du Peuple*, edited by Marat; *Les Révolutions de France et de Brabant*, by Camille Desmoulins; *L'Orateur du Peuple*, by Fréron; *L'Ami des Citoyens*, by Tallien; *La Sentinelle*, by Louvet; *Le Point du Jour*, by Barrère; *Le Défenseur de la Constitution*, by Robespierre; *Le Tribun du Peuple*, by Babœuf; and *Le Père Duchêne*, by Hébert.

The following journals professed to be Constitutional or moderate Republican:—

*Le Patriote*, by Brissot; the *Mercur de France*, by Mallet du Pan; the *Journal de Paris*, by Garat; the *Chronique de Paris*, by Condorcet; *Le Républicain*, by Siéyès; and the *Journal de l'Instruction Sociale*, by J. J. Noël.

The subjoined were Royalist:—

The *Actes des Apôtres*, by Rivarol;

*Journal de la Cour*, by Brune; the *Lanterne Magique*, by the younger Mirabeau; the *Mémorial Historique*, by Laharpe; the *Quotidienne*, by Michaud; and *L'Ami du Roi*, by l'Abbé Royou.

A few extracts from the above papers will give some idea of the condition of France at that epoch. Writing about the King's escape, and his capture at Varennes, Babœuf's *Tribun du Peuple* says:—

When it was known that Louis Capet had been arrested in his attempt to fly and place himself at the head of his cowardly nobles, a crowd of working men gathered in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and marched to the Hôtel de Ville, singing the "*Ca ira*," and "*Death to the Tyrant*." Mayor Bailly, afraid to meet these patriots, fled by some back door, so that the crowd, finding no one to speak to, joined themselves to another imposing array of citizens, who were flocking from the Marais quarter, and the whole mass adjourned to the Champs de Mars, gathering new recruits at every step as they went. At four in the afternoon there must have been twenty thousand citizens of both sexes and all ages assembled in the great field, and the shouts "*Death to the Tyrant!*" formed as it were one great cry uttered with the lips and heart of the whole city. But suddenly some uniforms appeared, the gleam of bayonets was discernible on the river banks, and clamours of welcome were raised by citizens who supposed that the soldiery had come to fraternize with them. But no, Bailly headed the soldiers! Bailly, girt with the tricolour scarf! Bailly, who once profaned the sacred name of patriot by allying it to his own! A trumpeter marched beside him, and by his orders instantly sounded three peals, between each of which the Mayor called upon the meeting to disperse. But no one stirred, because nobody could conjecture that the ridiculous summons was uttered in real earnest; and so it befel that without warning (*sic*), without preparation of any sort, the soldiers were marshalled into line and ordered to fire upon the defenceless crowd. Then uprose piercing shrieks: women caught up their children and were shot down holding them in their arms, male citizens in their panic ran towards the soldiery instead of away from them and were butchered with bayonets; the rattle of the musketry and the whistling of bullets continued to work havoc among the affrighted people, till the field was strewn with blood and corpses, and through the smoke of this scene of carnage glowed the features of Bailly, grinning like a fiend. But wait, Bailly! traitor! felon! perjurer and assassin! For every drop of that patriot blood shed shall be exacted a thousand drops from you and the tyrant hordes whose hireling you are! Wait and see!

Bailly had not long to wait, for this incident cost him his mayorship, and

eighteen months later his head. We have left out of Babœuf's description a number of disgusting oaths which are untranslatable, though Babœuf's remarks are mild compared to the horrible threats which Marat vomited from the *Ami du Peuple*. Let us, however, quote some gayer extracts dealing with social aspects of the Revolution. The licence of the Press being not tasteful to everybody, a citizen whose private life had been assailed went to the office of the paper which was called *L'Ami des Pauvres*, and gave the editor a caning. Young Mirabeau, who in his *Lanterne Magique* endeavoured to be always gay, in despite of difficulties, thus describes what follows:—

The worthy man, who was a jeweller out of work—for few people buy jewellery nowadays—recognized in the editor a former apprentice of his, who had loved his daughter, but been sent about his business, because he was a rogue and lazy. The recognition diminished nothing from the vigour of the thrashing which the jeweller administered, and the victim's howls were so musical that they brought down a bevy of women, who, to the horror of the journalist, screamed in chorus: "Give it him! We've had enough of newspapers!" Encouraged by this, the jeweller collected a squad of kindred spirits and went with them on the morrow to the Legislative Assembly with a fine petition against the liberty of the Press. But the Assembly grows impatient at all attacks against newspaper freedom, and our poor jeweller met with a different reception to that which he had expected. An usher laid his petition on the table, but two-thirds of the deputies rose and shouted, "Take it away!" At this moment the jeweller and his friends, thinking they had a right to speak about their case, rose in one of the public tribunes, but the deputy Drumont-Dalloy, catching up the roll of paper, clambered over the benches and flung it into the jeweller's face, crying: "Out with you, vile whiner!" He was called to order, but the incident occasioned general hilarity and the jeweller's astonished features must have been good to see.

Here are a bunch of quotations relating to odds and ends of Parisian life:

M. Jean Paul Marat was seen dining at the Ecu d'Or in the Rue Valois yesterday. Wines being bad, he mopped up the gravy in his plate with a crumb of bread which he swallowed, licking his fingers afterwards. He paid four francs for a piece of beef, some soup, and a wedge of cheese, but with his accustomed hatred for old customs omitted to give the maid anything. We wager that girl will never be a republican.—*Lanterne Magique*, August 15, 1791.

Scuffles occur every day between officers of



the King's household and curs of the sort who yelp in tune with MM. Marat and Fréron. Yesterday the Queen went for a walk in the Tuileries, and was everywhere greeted with respect; but returning to the palace, one brutal ruffian forced his way past her equerry and flung a piece of mouldy bread before her, saying: "See there. That's what we eat, thanks to you." The officer on duty knocked the man's hat off his head, telling him to uncover himself before his Sovereign, but the brute drew a bludgeon from his pocket and struck the officer so savagely on the face that he broke his cheek-bone. I do not know what will be done with the man. When there was order among us he would have been hanged, but the Queen is so good that she is likely to plead for his pardon. She went into the palace crying. — *Journal de la Cour*, January 3, 1792.

There was a scene at the Comédie Française last night during a performance of *Britannicus*. Since the Revolution theatrical managers have put a stop to the practice which allowed noblemen and other subscribers of influence to have seats on the stage. The Marquis de Crequy-Tournelles forgetting or ignoring this new arrangement — for he has been absent for a year stowing away his valuables in England — walked on the stage as usual yesterday whilst the curtain was up. He was greeted with a hoot from all the spectators in the pit, and not understanding such a tumult, stepped to the footlights and asked the public what they wanted. "Britannicus," to avoid a riot, caught the Marquis by the arm and drew him towards the slips, but M. de Crequy shook off the actor as if he had been a dog, and three men were needed to get him behind the scenes, where they were all heard exchanging explanations in furious voices. The pit were so excited that they wanted to compel the Marquis to come forward and apologize, but the storm was quelled by pretty Mdlle. Reinerie advancing and offering excuses in his stead: "Monsieur is of so old a family," she said, "that he has not yet had leisure to learn good manners." The apology cut both ways and everybody laughed. — *Journal de la Cour*, January 23, 1792.

Fowls are costing three francs each, bread is at eighteen sous the three-pound loaf, a decent coat has become a rarity; men are wearing high-peaked hats with a buckle in front, priests carry pistols in their pockets whilst saying mass, women dress in black, wear heelless shoes and tattle less than usual, because they are afraid of prison, boys read the news instead of going to school, all the perfumers, jewellers, and good restaurateurs are flying abroad taking the good cooks and pretty dancers with them, and either the sewers or the noxious exhalations of M. Marat are slaying scores daily with the small-pox. Let us thank heaven for its mercies and for our new constitution. — L'Abbé Royou's *Ami du Roi*.

Yesterday, August 7th, some noblemen and officers of the Swiss Guard met together at the Restaurant of the Cadran Bleu to celebrate

the feast of St. Gaetan, the patron of one among them. They had invited three actresses of Mdlle. Montansier's troupe to enliven the banquet, and at dessert the King's health was proposed and drunk with all honours. Probably some waiter of a revolutionary turn, or maybe the oyster-woman opening her shellfish at the door, objected to this display of loyalty; for as the guests were standing up to toast the Queen, a stone crashed through the window and cut Mdlle. Aimée Duclos's arm open. Immediately afterwards the dining-room was invaded by a score of unwashed *canailles*, who fell upon the guests, ladies and gentlemen indiscriminately, and smashed plates, bottles, and glasses, till they discovered their antagonists were armed, when they called for help and vanished, one jostling the other. They got a few kicks as they went, but one is sorry to say none of them were killed and flung out of the window into the gutter. When will all this end? — *L'Ami du Roi*, August 8, 1792.

The end was to be very soon; for two days afterwards the Tuileries were invaded, the Swiss Guard butchered, and the King taken into custody; on the 2nd and 3rd September occurred the massacre of all the Royalists confined in the prisons, and on the 21st the National Convention, which superseded the Legislative Assembly, proclaimed the Republic and inaugurated the Reign of Terror. This brings us back to Marat.

### III.

JEAN PAUL MARAT, who is by far the most loathsome character in the Revolution, and who will live as the type incarnate of rabid journalism, was, like J. J. Rousseau, a Swiss. He was born in 1744, and it adds much to his guilt that he received a superior education and possessed natural abilities of a high order. It is fair to add, however, that his talents and learning subjected him, at the outset of his career, to cruel persecutions. After studying medicine and obtaining an appointment as doctor to the Count of Artois's grooms, he addicted himself to researches in natural science, and published several essays on the theory of light. These papers had the honour of being reviewed and warmly praised by Voltaire, but they upset all the notions on light which were held by the Academy of Sciences, and that learned body instantly fell foul of the innovator. He was friendless, poor, and irritable; he wrote of the Academy with contempt, and, above all, his theories were the true ones. These were reason enough to draw on him hostility of a very active

kind ; and the Institute of France, which was a powerful corporation, refuted him waspishly, and then set influences at work to drive him from the country. Marat was of sickly health and of sour temper ; a keen private sorrow, resulting from a misplaced attachment, added to his innate moroseness, so that he was in every manner unfit to bear up serenely under persecution. He went off to England, and spent ten years in London, lodging in Fleet Street ; after this he divided a couple of years between Edinburgh and Dublin, and then he visited Holland, picking up all the while a precarious sustenance as a doctor, tutor, translator, and author. In 1789, the outbreak of the Revolution brought him back to Paris, rich with the fresh stores of learning and experience he had acquired during his exile, and bent upon starting a newspaper like other clever men. Marat differed from other clever men, though, in this respect, that from the first he had a clear perception of his object, and pursued it to the last undeviatingly. His ideas of reform were never clogged by the wish to ape English constitutionalism, for he detested England. He desired a radical republic, and though his first journal, the *Publiciste Parisien*, was couched in moderate terms, its logic was so trenchant, and its drift so evident, that even the most zealous deputies of the Third Estate took offence at it as going far beyond what they aspired to and as calculated to do their cause an injury. It was the distinctive trait of Marat's genius that he could not write a line but attracted attention. His scholarship was so deep, and his style consequently so pure and strong, his knowledge of the people's grievances was so thorough, and his perseverance in the aims he was pursuing so relentless, that the writings of other men paled beside his. The Ministry succeeded in suppressing the *Publiciste* by paying private persons to ruin it in libel suits ; and when Marat founded *L'Ami du Peuple*, they got rid of that also for a time by the expedient of starting no less than ten counterfeit journals bearing the same name, and by buying up all the copies of the genuine paper which they could procure. The counterfeits were of course full of weak nonsense, and the effect of them was to discredit Marat entirely. He could not protect himself, for he had not money enough to indulge in lawsuits, and in the next place he dared not show himself in public, for there were numbers of royalist officers who had

vowed to kill him like a dog wherever they might meet him. So he emigrated to London again, but this time his exile was not long, for, after the death of Mirabeau, the King grew reckless as to whether he was attacked or not, and Marat soon established his paper as the leading journal of the people. Other papers there were which enjoyed great popularity, but Marat spoke the language which the lower classes understood, and his *Ami du Peuple* was their monitor. It is not too much to say that Marat is solely responsible for the troubles of the years 1791-2, which paved the way for the Reign of Terror. Robespierre and Danton were each potent in their way, but they would have been nothing if Marat had not been there to point to them the road they should follow, and to breathe courage into them. Day after day, for fifteen months, the indefatigable fanatic poured his murderous advice into the ears of all the famished, the ignorant, and the greedy. He repeated that the people would never be secure in possession of their rights until King, nobility, and clergy had all been crushed ; and he it was — not Danton — who first wrote, "The tranquillity of the people demands that one hundred thousand heads should fall." To dispel any sentimental qualms that might linger in the breasts of his readers, Marat exerted all his talent to depict his intended victims as the basest and most depraved of mankind. Proletarians learned of him how the King and Queen, whom they had been compelled to reverence and obey, the nobles whom they had feared, and the bishops to whom they had knelt for absolutions and blessings, were creatures whose private lives reeked with crime and immorality ; and there was unfortunately just enough truth in some of the aspersions to lend the semblance of fact to the remainder. One is confounded by the amount of bodily and mental labour which Marat must have gone through to bring out his paper every day unaided, and this without ever being remiss in his attendance at the Jacobin Club. He wrote all the *Ami du Peuple* himself, and dealt with every class of subjects in it, showing all the vigilance as well as the ferocity of an ubiquitous watch-dog. However, he had his reward at last. The throne was overturned, and, content with his first victory, Marat changed the title of his paper to that of *Journal de la République* — a mode of hinting that he took the new order of things under his special protection.



And now imagine France given over to the garrulous Convention, in which there was not a man who clearly knew what he wanted save this one, Marat. Forty-eight years old at this date, Marat was less than five feet high, and had a head enormously disproportionate to the size of his body. The upper part of his face was handsome, but the lower part, beginning with the nose, was that of a wild beast. The nose was flat and large, with nostrils that quivered; the mouth huge, and filled with black, jagged teeth; the chin square, and generally ill-shaved, covered with a stubble of several days' growth. Naturally unclean in his person, Marat cultivated slovenliness for the purpose of inspiring greater confidence to the dregs of the populace. He seldom wore a hat, but covered his head with a twisted handkerchief, red, yellow, and greasy. His linen was worse than dingy, his shoes stringless, his stockings torn and down at heel, and his brown coat covered with stains, ink-splashes, and flakes of dried mud. In constant terror of his life, he never ventured out alone, but was always attended by a tattered mob of ruffians who called themselves his body-guard, and plied cudgels about them to clear him a passage through the street crowds. Women when they saw him trembled and turned their heads aside, children ran away from him; at the Convention House his entrance was the signal for a general silence, and often for a dispersion of half the numbers present. Marat, who was eaten up with bilious vanity, gloried in the universal repulsion which he excited, and he had a grim, vicious way of smiling when, fixing his eye on any member whom he disliked, he saw the man turn pale and crouch. Such was the man who by means of all the scum of Paris kept the Convention in terror, and through it governed France.

His first care was to get the guillotine "set up as a permanency." "Soldiers wear swords in peace and war," he wrote, November 1792, "and our Republic should have the guillotine constantly at her side to frighten traitors." At first he had asked for 100,000 heads; he now went minutely into statistics and declared that no tranquillity could be hoped for unless 270,000 heads were cut off. The foremost head to be sacrificed was of course the King's, and whilst Louis XVI.'s trial was impending, here are some of the things that Marat wrote in order that the prisoner might have fair play:—

I call upon the people to note the names of the false patriots, if any, who may vote for the tyrant's acquittal, or for any lesser penalty than that of instant death. It is an insult to the feelings of the nation that the descendant of a hundred vampires should have any trial at all. He should be brought manacled before the Convention and there should be but one question put, "When and where shall this man and his accursed brood be killed?" And the answer should be a unanimous shout for his immediate execution.

It becomes known that Malesherbes is to defend the King, and hereat Marat breaks out in this style:—

The man who can find excuses for a criminal makes himself an accomplice of all the crimes committed; but when the criminal is a king, and the man who defends him is a citizen, the latter betrays his cause and becomes a greater villain than the rascal who hires his advocacy. Let the people remember that the citizen Malesherbes makes himself the champion of Louis Capet: therefore he approves his acts, therefore he would have perpetrated them if he had had the chance, therefore he is an enemy to the Republic, to his country, to his brother citizens: therefore, if Capet dies, Malesherbes deserves to die with him.

Malesherbes did die on the scaffold—he and all his family—but the certainty that he would have to meet this fate did not weaken his eloquence in defending his King. Louis XVI. dead, Marat uttered a shriek of exultation, and congratulated his countrymen on having now outpassed "the hypocritical, servile English, who had but one point of superiority over us—that of having mustered courage enough one day to brain Charles Stuart. Our courage shall last longer than theirs—Capet's head is but the first among a hecatomb!" And, as if drunk with the blood he had caused to flow, Marat plunged into an orgie of denunciations, commending to the Committee of Public Safety every man or woman whom his sanguinary guards reported to him as disaffected:—

There is a scamp who lodges Rue Babille near the Halles, over a carpet-maker's, on the second floor. He was a receiver of taxes under the tyrant, and has fattened on extortions. I give his address, in order that the people may go and exterminate him.—18th March, 1793.

There is a ci-devant noble lodging No. 15, Rue St. Denis, under the name of Dubois. I heard of him to-day, and hope to learn that justice has been done him before the week is over.—18th March, 1792.

A milliner, who is said to be pretty, and

who is the more dangerous in consequence, utters seditious sentiments in the Rue des Lombards. She ridicules the Republic, and loudly expresses her sympathies for the Capets. Her tongue must be cut out of her head, or her head be knocked off her shoulders. Her name is Louise Boulnoy, and she has either a husband or a paramour who ought to be arrested with her.

Column upon column are filled with short denunciations of this sort against insignificant private persons; but when calling for the death of any prominent man, Marat used to assail him in long articles, going into all the particulars of his biography. There is no need to recall who were the men against whom he levelled his most spiteful bolts, for every one, without exception, who could be suspected of the crime of "Moderantism," was held up by him to public execration. He did not live to see the death of most of the men whom he had impeached — and notably that of the Girondins — for on the 13th July, 1793, Charlotte Corday put an end to his unhallowed career. One month before his death some members of the Convention, exasperated by his virulent calumnies, had prosecuted him, but his trial was a burlesque of justice. Armed roughs filled the court, the terrified judges pronounced a hasty acquittal, and the prisoner was escorted back in triumph to his lodgings. By these same roughs, and by all the rogues and criminals in Paris, his constant readers and admirers, his death was mourned as a public calamity, and all who had been his enemies were soon offered up as a holocaust to his memory.

#### IV.

MARAT'S papers had inherited the influence of Mirabeau's; their work was carried on by the *Père Duchêne* of Jacques Hébert, by the *Orateur du Peuple* of Louis Fréron, and by the *Révolution de France et de Brabant* of Camille Desmoulins. All three of these journals had been flourishing since 1789, but Marat's death brought them to the front, the more so as they made it their united mission to agitate for vengeance against "the party who lurked behind Charlotte Corday." The three papers were equally violent, but there were differences in the tones of their violence, and their editors were men altogether dissimilar. Jacques Hébert, born in 1755, was a miserable uneducated person, who had been check-taker at a small theatre before 1789. He was dishonest and cantankerous, but pos-

sessed a sort of rough-and-ready talent, and made his way rapidly after the Revolution, by bringing out a paper composed in the language of the lowest classes, and profusely sprinkled with obscene oaths. The style of the *Père Duchêne* is well known, owing to an individual of the name of Vermesch having published an exact imitation of it under the late Commune; but Hébert was a man of sterner stuff than his foolish imitator. On the proclamation of the Republic he was appointed Deputy to Chaumette, the Procurator General, but he continued to edit his paper whilst attending to his functions as purveyor of the guillotine, and after the death of Marat took to publishing daily tabular lists of persons who he thought should be put to death. So long as he confined himself to private persons he enjoyed impunity, but at the beginning of 1794, when the Terror was at its height, he denounced the whole Convention as a body of "pusillanimous curs," who had courage only to bark, and urged the people to overthrow them, and transfer all their powers to the Commune. He is said to have penned this article when intoxicated, after a dinner with Chaumette and Fouquier Tinville, and, if this be true, his wine proved expensive, for it cost him his life. Robespierre had him arrested, and Fouquier Tinville, the Public Prosecutor, with whom he had dined, had him sentenced to death. He was executed on the 24th March, 1794.

Louis Fréron was the son of Elie Fréron, Voltaire's antagonist during the Encyclopædic controversies, and it was principally because of the injustice which his father had suffered that he embraced the revolutionary cause with so much ardour. But Elie Fréron had been persecuted less by the nobility than by the philosophers, and it was accordingly against savants of all denominations that Fréron junior mostly levelled his shafts. His *Orateur du Peuple* made it a business to ferret out members of the Institute and royalist writers, and to charge them with having prostituted literature, science, and art by their servilities towards the Court. He obtained that the Institute should be closed, and on being sent as Commissary to Marseilles and Toulon, directed all his zeal to the persecution of scholars and professors, whom he sent to the scaffold by dozens. André Chenier, the poet, was one of his victims, and indeed it was enough to be a man of talent to incur the impeachment of the venomous little sheet of candle-paper, which was nicknamed

*L'arracheur de cervelles.* Fréron, however, was prudent, and he took such good care to offend none of the dominant factions that he survived both the Terror and the Directorate, and on the accession of Bonaparte actually petitioned for a post under Government. The First Consul, by way of killing him politely, sent him as Sub-Prefect to St. Domingo, where the climate disposed of him in a couple of years.

Camille Desmoulins, the third of Marat's successors, was born in 1760, and was a typical young Frenchman of the violently ambitious sort. It was he who, on the 14th July, 1789, climbed on a table in the garden of the Palais Royal and incited the mob to go and attack the Bastille, though he did not join them in this gallant exploit, but watched the sight from afar. Well educated, and the son of an honourable magistrate, who deeply deplored his revolutionary excesses, and remonstrated with him continually by letter, Camille Desmoulins wrote like a gentleman, and affected the dress and manners of a dandy. His appearance was always natty. He sported a blue coat with gilt buttons, buckskin breeches and well varnished boots, a speckless white waistcoat, white gloves, a shiny hat, and a cane with a gold nob. The portraits of him show a handsome youth with large eyes, thin lips, dapper hands, and a carefully tressed pig-tail; but singularly enough the owner of all this beauty and finery got on capitally with Marat, who often pawed his white waistcoat and said: "It's a light heart beats under this frippery, but it's a good one." At Marat's death Camille Desmoulins launched out furiously against the captive Queen, whose devoted slave he would certainly have become had she invited him to court at the outset of the Revolution. He demanded that even the infant Capet (Louis XVII.) should be poisoned before he became a danger, and he was implacable in crying for the execution of the Girondins. But subsequently to the 31st October, 1793, when the Girondins, after five months spent in prison, were at length led out to the scaffold, a sudden revulsion occurred in Camille Desmoulins' views. He was appointed to be Danton's chief secretary at the Ministry of Justice, and found himself lodged at the public expense in that grand residence on the Place Vendôme, "where," as he writes complacently to his father, "the High Chancellors of France lived before me." He had

also been recently married to a lovely and gentle-hearted girl, and like many another man who has reached the top of the tree he began to pine for domestic peace, and wished to see happy faces around him. Danton, who had nothing more to expect from violence either, had got into the same sentimental mood, and seconded Desmoulins when the latter brought out a new paper, *Le Vieux Cordelier*, in which he touchingly pleaded for a cessation of bloodshed, and a "reconciliation of all parties under the tree of liberty." Robespierre, however, was not yet ready for rest. So long as Danton was alive Robespierre could not be absolute master of the Convention, and he promptly seized the occasion of *Le Vieux Cordelier's* appearance to have both Danton and Desmoulins arrested and tried for treason. There is no doubt that *Le Vieux Cordelier* was levelled against Robespierre, and that Danton and Desmoulins hoped by its means to incite the people to hatred for their rival. Had they been able to continue the publication for a few weeks longer, or had they been animated by a spark of that resolution which fired Tallien three months later to beard Robespierre and impeach him, they might have succeeded, for Paris was growing as sick of blood as they were; as it was, they let themselves be seized unresistingly, and were guillotined together on the 5th April, 1794.

Robespierre, then, reigned alone till the 27th July, when a cabal got up by the courageous Madame Tallien overturned him and put a nominal end to the Terror. But what was the condition of Paris during these last three months, when the "blood-moons" were at their apogee? The louis-d'or of twenty francs was being quoted at 1,800 francs in *assignats*, bread was at eight sous the pound, two-thirds of the shops in the city were closed, and all the able-bodied men of the working-classes who had not been drafted into the army roamed about the streets drunk and bawling, or broke into abandoned houses and plundered them. Every afternoon at four a line of tumbrils left the Conciergerie and jolted along the streets to the Place de la Révolution with a freight of victims for the scaffold. Sometimes seventy persons would be beheaded in an afternoon. The number was seldom under twenty; and people were so sated by the sight that, excepting the relatives of the victims and a few quidnuncs who came every afternoon and stood on the terrace of the Tuileries

Gardens to bet on the time it would take Samson to execute the first or second dozen, nobody went out of his way to follow the carts. The chase after nobles and priests had ceased to be very keen, for proscriptions came and gave themselves up every day. They saw nothing worth living for now, that, ruined and bereaved of their friends, they beheld the reign of blood continue without prospect of cessation; and many—especially among the women—looked upon death as a welcome relief. Meanwhile the Pro-consuls sent into the provinces were spreading death and misery about them as in Paris. Carrier at Nantes, Fréron at Marseilles, Foucher (afterwards Duke of Otranto) at Bordeaux, Collot d'Herbois at Lyons, Schneider at Strasburg, reckoned their victims by the thousand, and despatched pompous reports to the Convention describing how feudal castles had been set on fire, family plate melted down, and "male and female ci-devants" sacrificed to the safety of the Republic. These reports would be received with votes of thanks and by clapping of hands from fishwives and loose women seated in the public tribunes; after which, debates in the house would proceed with the usual windy declamations, buffoon platitudes about fraternity, and the never-varying motions to impeach somebody in the name of the Sovereign People. Fifty or sixty deputies of the Convention, feeling the knife suspended over their heads, lurked, hidden, and slept in some new place every night, and among these was Tallien, whose name was down in Robespierre's black book, and who would never have mustered courage to rebel against his doom had not his wife goaded him on. Such was the condition of things during the three months that preceded Robespierre's fall.

## v.

ONCE this caitiff had been beheaded, the Terror did not immediately end, but it spent its dying force on those who had been Robespierre's supporters, and the press gave expression to the general yearning after repose. According to the records of the Conciergerie, no less than 834 journalists, for the most part obscure, had been guillotined in Paris in 1793 and 1794; and some thousand newspapers had collapsed in consequence. But there were plenty of journalists left, and with the Directorate there started up a crowd of light, amusing papers, intended to revive the national spirit of gaiety.

The best of these were *Le Thé, Le Mensur, and Le Journal des Rieurs*; and for some time they altogether superseded the prints which continued to treat of politics. People were surfeited with politics, they were athirst for enjoyment; and never perhaps did extravagance in eating, drinking, dressing, and play-going run riot to such an extent as from 1795 to 1799. Listen to this cry of the *Journal des Rieurs* (1st January, 1795):—

Brooms and water! Brooms and water! to sweep and wash away every trace of the blood shed among us during the past two years! Brooms to sweep into limbo every shred of the journals, gazettes, pamphlets, laws, documents, proclamations, decrees, which have maddened us and brought us where we are! Brooms to brush away all memories of '93 and '94, and sticks to beat down any man who does not curse those years with all his soul!

In the same number the *Journal des Rieurs* says:—

We have a class of *nouveaux riches* among us: financiers who have dethroned the nobility; contractors who have heaped up millions by purveying our armies with cardboard shoes and tin-barrelled guns. We don't care how they made their money, let them only spend it well and bring jollity back to Paris. Let us hear once more the popping of champagne-corks, let our eyes be gladdened by the glow of kitchen fires; let women be worshipped again and not hailed as "citizens;" and, above all, let it become usual again to wash one's hands before dinner.

In 1795 a comedy called *Madame Angot* was produced at Madame Montansier's theatre (Palais Royal), and had a run of 400 nights, like its modern successor, *La Fille de Madame Angot*. In it the follies of the Terror were keenly ridiculed, and the press joyfully hailed this resurrection of Thalia. Also the *muscadins*, or dandies of the time, attended the theatre in crowds and got up affrays like those which signalized the first performances of M. Sardou's *Rabagas*, after the Commune. At every disparaging allusion to the Republic, some "friends and brothers" in the galleries would hiss, and then the *muscadins* would treat themselves to the pleasure of going up after these enthusiasts and thrashing them with long canes. All this, however, does not mean that politics came to a standstill; for so long as there were two legislative bodies and an executive of "Five Incapables" who mismanaged the affairs of the country, it was inevitable that discussions should



arise, and that political newspapers should find buyers. On the whole, however, France had become absolutely indifferent and sceptical as to political systems; and when Bonaparte came and swept the Directorate away, and inaugurated his consulship with a decree which completely gagged the press, most people heaved a true sigh of relief. Just as had happened during the Fronde, the French press had enjoyed during the Republic a glorious occasion of doing good and had neglected it. Journalism, far from being an assistance and a blessing to the country, had been an unmitigated nuisance. It had excited all the bad passions of the time instead of checking them, it had preached murder, robbery, mutual hatred, and mistrust; and when Bonaparte stamped it down with the heel of his conquering boot, he seemed to be crushing out the last embers of a fire which had burned or blackened every great and good thing in the country.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CHAPTER I.

WESTWARD of that old town Steyning, and near Washington and Wiston, the lover of an English landscape may find much to dwell upon. The best way to enjoy it is to follow the path along the meadows, underneath the inland rampart of the Sussex hills. Here is pasture rich enough for the daintiest sheep to dream upon; tones of varied green in stripes (by order of the farmer), trees as for a portrait grouped with the folding hills behind, and light and shadow making love in play to one another. Also, in the breaks of meadow and the footpath bendings, stiles where love is made in earnest, at the proper time of year, with the dark-browed hills imposing everlasting constancy.

Here no man, however lame he may be from the road of life, after sitting awhile and gazing, can deny himself to be refreshed and even comforted. Though he hold no commune with the heights so far above him, neither with the trees that stand in quiet audience soothingly, nor even with the flowers still as bright as in his childhood, yet to himself he must say something—better said in silence. Into his mind, and heart, and soul, without

any painful knowledge, or the noisy trouble of thinking, pure content with his native land and its claim on his love are entering. The power of the earth is round him with its lavish gifts of life,—bounty from the lap of beauty, and that cultivated glory which no other land has earned.

Instead of panting to rush abroad and be lost among jagged obstacles, rather let one stay within a very easy reach of home, and spare an hour to saunter gently down this meadow-path. Here in a broad bold gap of hedge, with bushes inclined to heal the breach, and mallow-leaves hiding the scar of chalk, here is a stile of no high pretence, and comfortable to gaze from. For hath it not a preface of planks, constructed with deep anatomical knowledge, and delicate study of maiden decorum? And lo! in spite of the planks—as if to show what human nature is—in the body of the stile itself, towards the end of the third bar down, are two considerable nicks, where the short-legg'd children from the village have a sad habit of coming to think. Here, with their fingers in their mouths, they sit and think, and scrape their heels, and stare at one another, broadly taking estimate of life. Then with a push and scream, the scramble and the rush down hill begin, ending (as all troubles should) in a trackless waste of laughter.

However, it might be too much to say that the cleverest child beneath the hills, or even the man with the licence to sell tea, coffee, snuff and tobacco, who now comes looking after them, finds any conscious pleasure, or feels quickening influence from the scene. To them it is but a spread of meadows under a long curve of hill, green and mixed with trees down here, brown and spotted with furze up there; to the children a play-ground; to their father an acreage, inspected with no other view than glances at its rental.

So it is: and yet with even those who think no more of it, the place if not the scenery, has its aftermath of influence. In later times, when sickness, absence, or the loss of sight debars them, men will feel a deep impression of a thing to long for. To be longed for with a yearning stronger than mere admiration, or any limner's taste can form. For he, whatever pleasure rises at the beauty of the scene, loses it by thinking of it; even as the joy of all things dies in the enjoying.

But to those who there were born (and never thought about it), in the days of age or ailment, or of better fortune even

in a brighter climate, how at the sound of an ancient name, or glimpse of faint resemblance, or even on some turn of thought untraced and unaccountable, again the hills and valleys spread, to aged memory more true than ever to youthful eyesight; again the trees are rustling in the wind as they used to rustle; again the sheep climb up the brown turf in their snowy zigzag. A thousand winks of childhood widen into one clear dream of age.

## CHAPTER II.

"How came that old house up there?" is generally the first question put by a Londoner to his Southdown friend leading him through the lowland path. "It must have a noble view; but what a position, and what an aspect!"

"The house has been there long enough to get used to it," is his host's reply; "and it is not built, as they are where you live, of the substance of a hat."

That large old-fashioned house, which looks as if it had been much larger, stands just beneath the crest of a long-backed hill in a deep embrasure. Although it stands so high, and sees much less of the sun than the polestar, it is not quite so weather-beaten as a stranger would suppose. It has some little protection, and a definite outline for its grounds, because it was built on an old and extensive settlement of the chalk; a thing unheeded in early times, but now very popular and attractive, under the name of "landslip." Of these there are a good many still to be traced on the sides of the Sussex hills, caused (as the learned say) by the shifting of the greensand, or silt, which generally underlies the more stable chalk. Few, however, of them are so strongly marked and bold as this one, which is known as "Coombe Lorraine." It is no mere depression or irregular subsidence, but a perpendicular fall, which shows as if a broad slice had been cut out from the chine to the base of the highland.

Here, in the time of William Rufus, Roland de Lorraine, having a grant from him, or from the Conqueror, and trusting the soil to slide no more, or ignorant that it had ever slidden, built himself a dwelling-place to keep a look-out on his property. This abode, no doubt, was fitted for warlike domesticity, being founded in the fine old times when every gentleman was bound to build himself a castle.

It may have been that a little jealousy

of his friend, De Braose (who had taken a larger grant of land, although he was of newer race, and had killed fewer men than Sir Roland), led this enterprising founder to set up his tower so high. At any rate he settled his Penates so commandingly, that if Bramber Castle had been in sight, he might have looked down its chimneys, as freely as into his villeins' sheep-cotes. Bramber Castle, however, happened to be round the corner.

This good knight's end, according to the tradition of the family, was not so thoroughly peaceful as a life of war should earn. One gentle autumnal evening, Sir Roland and his friend and neighbour, William de Braose, were riding home to a quiet supper, both in excellent temper and spirits, and pleasant contempt of the country. The harvest-moon was rising over breadths of corn in grant to them, and sheep and cattle tended by their villeins, once the owners. Each congratulated the other upon tranquil seizin, and the goodwill of the neighbourhood; when suddenly their way was stopped by a score of heavy Englishmen.

These, in their clumsy manner, sued no favour, nor even justice; only to be trodden down with fairness and show of reason.

"Ye shall be trodden all alike," De Braose shouted fiercely, having learned a good deal of English from the place he lived in; "clods are made to be trodden down. Out of my road, or I draw my sword!"

The men turned from him to Sir Roland, who was known to be kind of heart.

"Ye do the wrong thing to meet me thus," he answered in his utmost English; "the thing, that is to say, I hearken, but not with this violence."

Speaking thus he spurred his horse, and the best of the men made way for him. But one of them had an arrow straining on the cord, with intent to shoot—as he said to the priest at the gallows—De Braose, and him only. As the two knights galloped off, he let his arrow, in the waning of the light, fly after them; and it was so strongly sped that it pierced back-harness, and passed through the reins of Roland de Lorraine. Thus he died; and his descendants like to tell the story.

It is not true, although maintained by descendants of De Braose, that he was the man who was shot, and the knight who ran away Sir Roland. The pious duties rendered by the five brave monks from Fécamp were for the soul of Sir



Roland, as surely as the arrow was for the body of De Braose. But after eight hundred years almost, let the benefit go between them.

Whichever way this may have chanced, in an age of unsettled principles, sure it is that the good knight died either then or afterwards. Also, that a man was hanged at a spot still shown in his behalf, and that he felt it such an outrage on his sense of justice, after missing his proper shot, that even now he is often seen, when the harvest-moon is lonely, straining a long bow at something, but most careful not to shoot.

These, however, are mere legends, wherewith we have nought to do. And it would have been better not to rouse them up from slumber, if it could have been shown without them how the house was built up there. Also one may fairly fancy that a sweet and gallant knight may have found his own vague pleasure in a fine and ample view. Regarding which matter we are perhaps a little too hard on our ancestors; presuming that they never owned such eyes as ours for "scenery," because they knew the large impossibility of describing it.

### CHAPTER III.

WHETHER his fathers felt, or failed to see, the beauty beneath their eyes, the owner of this house and land, at the time we have to speak of, deserved and had the true respect of all who dwelled below him.

It is often said that no direct descendant, bred from sire to son, still exists, or at any rate can show that he has right to exist, from any knight, or even cook, known to have come with the Conqueror. The question is one of delicacy, and therefore of deep feeling. But it must be owned, in candour, upon almost every side, that there are people, here and there, able to show something. The present Sir Roland Lorraine could show as much in this behalf as any other man in England. Here was the name, and here the place; and here the more fugitive being man, still belonging to both of them.

Whether could be shown or not the strict red line of lineage, Sir Roland Lorraine was the very last man likely to assert it. He had his own opinions on that all-important subject, and his own little touches of feeling when the matter came into bearing. His pride was of so large a nature that he seldom could be proud. He had his pleasant vein of humour about

almost everything, wholly free from scoffing, and most sensitive of its limit. Also, although he laid no claim to any extensive learning or especially accurate scholarship, his reading had been various, and his knowledge of the classics had not been allowed to fade away into misty memory.

Inasmuch as he added to these resources the further recommendations of a fine appearance and gentle manners, good position and fair estates, it may be supposed that Sir Roland was in strong demand among his neighbours for all social purposes. He, however, through no petty feeling or small exclusiveness, but from his own taste and likings, kept himself more and more at home, and in quietude, as he grew older. So that ere he turned sixty years, the owner of Coombe Lorraine had ceased to appear at any county gatherings, or even at the hospitable meetings of the neighbourhood.

His dinner-party consisted only of himself and his daughter Alice. His wife had been dead for many years. His mother, Lady Valeria, was still alive and very active, but having numbered four-score years, had attained the right of her own way. By right or wrong, she had always contrived to enjoy that special easement; and even now, though she lived apart, little could be done without her in the household management.

Hilary, Sir Roland's only son, was now at the Temple, eating his way to the bar, or feeding for some other mischief; and Alice, the only daughter living, was the baronet's favourite companion, and his darling.

Now whether from purity of descent, or special mode of selection, or from living so long on a hill with northern consequences, or from some other cause to be extracted by philosophers from bestial analogies — anyhow, one thing is certain. These Lorraines were not, and had not for a long time been, at all like the rest of the world around them. It was not pride of race that made them unambitious, and well content, and difficult to get at. Neither was it any other ill affection to mankind. They liked a good man, when they saw him; and naturally so much the more as it became harder to find him. Also they were very kind to all the poor people around them, and kept well in with the Church, and did whatever else is comely. But long before Sir Roland's time, all Sussex knew, and was content to know, that, as a general rule, "those Lorraines went nowhere."

Neighbours who were conscious of what we must now begin to call "co-operative origin," felt that though themselves could claim justices of the peace, high sheriffs, and knights of the shire among their kin, yet they could not quite climb over that romantic bar of ages which is so deterrent perhaps because it is so shadowy. Neither did they greatly care to press their company upon people so different from themselves, and so unlikely to admire them. But if any one asked where lay the root of the difference which so long had marked the old family on the hill, perhaps no one, least of all any of the Lorraines themselves, could have given the proper answer. Plenty of other folk there were who held aloof from public life. Simplicity, kindness, and chivalry might be found, by a man with an active horse, in other places also: even a feeling as nearly akin as our nature admits to contempt of money at that time went on somewhere. How, then, differed these Lorraines from other people of equal rank and like habits with them?

Men who differ from their fellows seem, by some law of nature, to resent and disclaim the difference. Those who are proud, and glory in their variance from the common type, seldom vary much from it. So that in the year of grace 1811, the mighty comet that scared the world, spreading its tail over good and bad, overhung no house less conscious of anything under its roof peculiar than the house of Coombe Lorraine.

With these Lorraines there had been a tradition (ripened, as traditions ripen, into a small religion), that a certain sequence of Christian names must be observed, whenever allowed by Providence, in the heritage. These names in right order were Roland, Hilary, and Roger; and the family had long believed, and so had all their tenants, that a certain sequence of character, and the events which depend upon character, might be expected to coincide with the succession of these names. The Rolands were always kindly proud, fond of home and of all their people, lovers of a quiet life, and rather deep than hot of heart. A Hilary, the next of race, was prone to the opposite extremes, though still of the same root-fibre. Sir Hilary was always showy, affable, and romantic, eager to do something great, pleased to give pleasure to everybody, and leaving his children to count the cost. After him there ought to arise a Roger, the saviour of the race;

beginning to count pence in his cradle, and growing a yard in common-sense for every inch of his stature, frowning at every idea that was not either of land or money, and weighing himself and his bride and most of his principles, by Troy-weight.

#### CHAPTER IV.

UPON a very important day, as it proved to be, in his little world, the 18th of June 1811, Sir Roland Lorraine had enjoyed his dinner with his daughter Alice. In those days men were not content to feed in the fashion of owls, or wild ducks, who have lain abed all day. In winter or summer, at Coombe Lorraine, the dinner-bell rang at half-past four, for people to dress; and again at five, for all to be down in the drawing-room. And all were sure to be prompt enough; for the air of the Southdown hills is hungry, and Nature knew what the demand would be, before she supplied her best mutton there.

When the worthy old butler was gone at last, and the long dark room lay silent, Alice ran up to her father's side, to wish him, over a sip of wine, the good old wish that sits so lightly on the lips of children.

"Darling papa, I wish you many happy, happy returns of the day, and good health to enjoy them."

Sir Roland was sixty years old that day; and being of a cheerful, even, and pleasant, though shy temperament, he saw no reason why he should not have all the bliss invoked on him. The one great element in that happiness now was looking at him, undeniably present and determined to remain so.

His quick glance told that he felt all this; but he was not wont to show what he felt; and now he had no particular reason to feel more than usual. Nevertheless he did so feel, without knowing any reason, and turned his eyes away from hers, while he tried to answer lightly.

This would not do for his daughter Alice. She was now in that blush of time, when everything is observed by maidens, but everything is not hinted at. At least it used to be so then, and still is so in good places. Therefore Alice thought a little, before she began to talk again. The only trouble, to her knowledge, which her father had to deal with, was the unstable and romantic character of young Hilary. This he never discussed with her, nor even alluded to it; for that would have been a breach of the

law in all duly-entailed conservatism, that the heir of the house, even though a fool, must have his folly kept sacred from the smiles of inferior members. Now Hilary was not at all a fool; only a young man of large mind.

Knowing that her father had not any bad news of Hilary, from whom he had received a very affectionate letter that morning, Alice was sorely puzzled, but scarcely ventured to ask questions; for in this savage island then, respect was shown and reverence felt by children towards their parents; and she, although such a petted child, was full of these fine sentiments. Also now in her seventeenth year, she knew that she had outgrown the playful freedoms of babyhood, but was not yet established in the dignity of a maiden, much less the glory of womanhood. So that her sunny smile was fading into the shadow of a sigh, when instead of laying her pretty head on her father's shoulder, she brought the low chair and favourite cushion of the younger times, and thence looked up at him, hoping fondly once more to be folded back into the love of childhood.

Whatever Sir Roland's trouble was, it did not engross his thoughts so much as to make him neglect his favourite. He answered her wistful gaze with a smile, which she knew to be quite genuine; and then he patted her curly hair, in the old-fashioned way, and kissed her forehead.

"Lallie, you look so profoundly wise, I shall put you into caps after all, in spite of your sighs, and tears, and sobs. A head so mature in its wisdom must conform to the wisdom of the age."

"Papa, they are such hideous things! and you hate them as much as I do. And only the other day you said that even married people had no right to make such frights of themselves."

"Married people have a right to please one another only. A narrow view, perhaps, of justice; but—however, that is different. Alice, you never will attend when I try to teach you anything."

Sir Roland broke off lamely thus, because his child was attending, more than himself, to what he was talking of. Like other men, he was sometimes given to exceed his meaning; but with his daughter he was always very careful of his words, because she had lost her mother, and none could ever make up the difference.

"Papa!" cried Alice, with that appealing stress upon the paternity which

only a pet child can throw, "you are not at all like yourself to-day."

"My dear, most people differ from themselves with great advantage. But you will never think that of me. Now let me know your opinion as to all this matter, darling."

Her father softened off his ending suddenly thus, because he saw the young girl's eyes begin to glisten, as if for tears, at his strange new way.

"What matter, papa? The caps? Oh no; the way you are now behaving. Very well then, are you quite sure you can bear to hear all you have done amiss?"

"No, my dear, I am not at all sure. But I will try to endure your most heart-rending exaggerations."

"Then, dear papa, you shall have it all. Only tell me when to stop. In the first place, did you, or did you not, refuse to have Hilary home for your birthday, much as you knew that I wanted him? You confess that you did. And your only reason was something you said about Trinity term, equally incomprehensible. In the next place, when I wanted you to have a little change to-day, Uncle Struan for dinner, and Sir Remnant, and one or two others——"

"My dear, how could I eat all these? Think of your Uncle Struan's size."

"Papa, you are only trying now to provoke me, because you cannot answer. You know what I mean as well as I do, and perhaps a little better. What I mean is, one or two of the very oldest friends and relations to do what was nice, and help you to get on with your birthday, but you said, with unusual ferocity, 'Darling, I will have none but you!'"

"Upon my word, I believe I did! How wonderfully women—at least I mean how children—astonish one, by the way they touch the very tone of utterance, after one has forgotten it!"

"I don't know what you mean, papa. And your reflection seems to be meant for yourself, as everything seems to be for at least a week, or I might say——"

"Come, Lallie, come now, have some moderation."

"Well, then, papa, for at least a fortnight. I will let you off with that, though I know it is much too little. And when you have owned to that, papa, what good reason can you give for behaving so to me—me—me, as good a child as ever there was?"

"Can 'me, me, me,' after living through such a fortnight of mortification—the real length of the period being less than

four hours, I believe — can she listen to a little story without any excitement?"

"Oh papa, a story, a story! That will make up for everything. What a lovely pleasure! There is nothing I love half so much as listening to old stories. I seem to be living my old age over, before I come to any age. Papa, I will forgive you everything, if you tell me a story."

"Alice, you are a little too bad. I know what a very good girl you are; but still you ought to try to think. When you were only two years old, you looked as if you were always thinking."

"So I am now, papa; always thinking — how to please you, and do my best."

Sir Roland was beaten by this, because he knew the perfect truth of it. Alice already thought too much about everything she could think of. Her father knew how bad it is, when the bright young time is clouded over with unseasonable cares; and often he had sore misgivings, lest he might be keeping his pet child too much alone. But she only laughed whenever he offered to find her new companions, and said that her cousins at the rectory were enough for her.

"If you please, papa," she now broke in upon his thinking, "how long will it be before you begin to tell me this beautiful story?"

"My own darling, I forgot; I was thinking of you, and not of any trumpery stories. But this is the very day of all days to sift our little mystery. You have often heard, of course, about our old astrologer."

"Of course I have, papa — of course! And with all my heart I love him. Everything the shepherds tell me shows how thoroughly good he was."

"Very well then, all my story is about him, and his deeds."

"Oh papa, then do try, for once in your life, to be in a hurry. I do love everything about him; and I have heard so many things."

"No doubt you have, my dear; but perhaps of a somewhat fabulous order. His mind, or his manners, or appearance, or at any rate something seems to have left a lasting impression upon the simple folk hereabout."

"Better than a pot of money; an old woman told me the other day, it was better than a pot of money for anybody to dream of him."

"It would do them more good, no doubt. But I have not had a pinch of snuff to-day. You have nearly broken me, Alice; but still you do allow me one

pinch when I begin to tell you a good story."

"Three, papa, you shall have three now, and you may take them all at once, because you never told such a story, as I feel sure it is certain to be, in all the whole course of your life before. Now come here, where the sun is setting, so that I may watch the way you are telling every word of it; and if I ask you any questions you must nod your head, but never presume to answer one of them, unless you are sure that it will go on without interrupting the story. Now, papa, no more delay."

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE LEGEND OF THE ASTROLOGER.

TWO hundred years before the day when Alice thus sat listening, an ancestor of hers had been renowned in Anatolia. The most accomplished and most learned prince in all lesser Asia was Agasicles Syennesis, descended from Mausolus (made immortal by his mausoleum), and from that celebrated king, Syennesis of Cilicia. There had been, after both these were dead, and much of their repute gone by, creditable and happy marriages in and out their descendants, at a little over and a little under, twenty-two centuries ago; and the best result and issue of all these was now embodied in Prince Agasicles.

The prince was not a patron only, but also an eager student, of the more recondite arts and sciences then in cultivation. Especially he had given his mind to chemistry (including alchemy), mineralogy, and astrology. Devoting himself to these fine subjects, and many others, he seems to have neglected anthropology; so that in his fiftieth year he was but a lonesome bachelor. Troubled at this time of life with many expostulations — genuine on the part of his friends, and emphatic on that of his relatives — he held a long interview with the stars, and taking their advice exactly as they gave and meant it, married a wife the next afternoon, and (so far as he could make out) the right one. This turned out well. His wife went off, on the occasion of her first confinement, leaving him with a daughter, born A.D. 1590, and all women pronounced her beautiful.

The prince now spent his leisure time in thought and calculation. He had almost made his mind up that he was sure to have a son; and here was his wife gone; and how could he risk his life

again so? Upon the whole, he made up his mind, that matters might have been worse, although they ought to have been much better, and that he must thank the stars, and not be too hard upon any one; and so he fell to at his science again, and studied almost everything.

In that ancient corner of the world, old Caria, the fine original Leleges looked up to the prince, and loved him warmly, and were ready by night or day to serve him, or to rob him. They saw that now was the finest chance (while he was looking at the stars, with no wife to look out for him) for them to do their duty to their families by robbing him; and this they did with honest comfort, and a sense of going home in the proper way to go.

Prince Agasicles, growing older, felt these troubles more and more. As a general rule, a man growing older has a more extensive knowledge that he must be robbed of course; and yet he scarcely ever seems to reconcile himself with maturing wisdom to the process. And so it happened to this good prince; not that he cared so very much about little trifles that might attract the eye of taste and the hand of skill, but that he could not (even with the aid of all the stars) find anything too valuable to be stolen. Hence, as his daughter, Artemise, grew to the fulness of young beauty, he thought it wise to raise the most substantial barrier he could build betwixt her and the outer world.

There happened to be in that neighbourhood then an active supply of villains. Of this by no means singular fact the prince might well assure himself, by casting his eyes down from the stars to the narrow bosom of his mother earth. But whether thus or otherwise forewarned of local mischief, the Carian prince took a very strong measure, and even a sacrilegious one. In or about the year of our reckoning, 1606, he walled off his daughter, and other goods, in a certain peninsula of his own, clearly displayed in our maps, and as clearly forbidden to be either trencched or walled by a Pythia skilled in trimeter tone, who seems to have been a lady of exceptionally clear conservatism.

The prince, as the sage of the neighbourhood, knew all about this prohibition, and that it was still in force, and must have acquired twentyfold power by the lapse of twenty centuries; and as the sea had retreated a little during that short period, it was evident that Jove had been

consistent in the matter. "He never meant it for an island, else he would have made it one." Agasicles therefore felt some doubt about the piety of his proceeding, retaining as he did, in common with his neighbours, some respect for the classic gods. His respect, however, for the stars was deeper, and these told him that young Artemise was likely to be run away with by some bold adventurer. A peninsula was the very thing to suit his purpose, and none could be fairer or snugger than this of his own, the very site of ancient Cnidos, whereof Venus once was queen.

Undeterred by this local affection, or even the warnings of Delphi, the learned prince exerted himself, and by means of a tidy hedge of paliure and aspalathus made the five stades of isthmus proof against even thick-trousered gentlemen, *a fortiori* against the natives all unendowed with pantaloons. Neither might his fence be leaped by any of the roving horsemen — Turks, Cilicians, Pamphylians, Karamanians, or reavers from the chain of Taurus.

This being fixed to his satisfaction, with a couple of sentries at the gate, and one at either end, prompt with matchlocks, and above all, the young lady inside provided with many proverbs, Prince Agasicles set forth on a visit to an Armenian sage, reputed to be as wise as himself almost. With him he discussed Alhasen, Vitellio, and their own contemporary, Kepler, and spent so many hours aloft, that on his return to his native place he discovered his own little oversight. This was so very simple that it required at least a sage and great philosopher to commit it. The learned man appears to have forgotten that the sea is navigable. So it chanced that a gay young Englishman, cruising about in an armed speronera, among the *Ægæan* islands, and now in the Carpathian sea, hunting after pirates, heard of this Eastern Cynosure, and her walled seclusion. This of course was enough for him. Landing under the promontory where the Cnidian Venus stood, he fell, and falling dragged another, into the wild maze of love.

Mazed they seemed of course, and nearly mad no doubt to other folk. To themselves, however, they were in a new world altogether, far above the level and the intellect of the common world. Artemise forgot her pride, her proverbs, and pretensions; she had lost her own way in the regions of a higher life; and



nothing to her was the same as it had been but yesterday. Heart and soul, and height and depth, she trusted herself to the Englishman, and even left her jewels.

Therefore they two launched their bark upon the unknown waters; the damsel with her heart in tempest of the filial duties shattered, and the fatherland cast off, yet for the main part anchored firmly on the gallant fluke of love; the youth in a hurry to fight a giant, if it would elevate him to her.

Artemise, with all her rashness, fared much better than she deserved for leaving an adoring father the wrong side of the quickset hedge. The bold young mariner happened to be a certain Hilary Lorraine, heir of that old house or castle in the Southdown coombe. Possessed with the adventurous spirit of his uncles, the famous Shirley brothers, he had sailed with Raleigh, and made havoc here and there, and seen almost as much of the world as was good for himself or it.

Enlarged by travel, he was enabled to suppress rude curiosity about the wishes of the absent prince; and deferring to a better season the pleasure of his acquaintance, he made all sail with the daughter on board, as set forth already; and those two were made into one, according to the rites of the old Greek Church, in the classic shades of Ida. And to their dying day it never repented either of them—much.

When the prince returned, and found no daughter left to meet him, he failed for a short time to display that self-command upon which he had for years been wont to plume himself. But having improved his condition of mind by a generous bastinado of servants, peasants, and matchlock-men, he found himself reasonably remounting into the sphere of pure intellect. In a night or two an interesting conjunction of heavenly bodies happened, and eclipsed this nebulous world of women.

In a few years' time he began to get presents, eatable, drinkable, and good. Gradually thus he showed his wisdom, by foregoing petty wrath; and when he was summoned to meet a star, militant to his grandson, he could not help ordering his horse.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE LEGEND OF THE ASTROLOGER.

ALTHOUGH this prince knew so much more of the heaven above than the

earth beneath, he did not quite expect to ride the whole of the way to England. At Smyrna he took ship, and after some difficulties and dangers, landed at Shoreham, full of joy to behold his four grandchildren, who proved to be five by the time he saw them. The Sussex roads were as bad as need be, and worse than could be anywhere else; but the sturdy oxen set their necks to drag through all things, thick or thin; and the prince stuck fast to his coach, as firmly as the coach stuck fast with him. Having never seen any roads before, he thought them a wonderful institution, and though misled by the light of nature to grumble at some of his worst upsets, a little reflection led him softly back into contentment. A mind "irretrievably analytic" at once distinguished wisdom's element in the Sussex reasoners.

"Gin us made these hyur radds gooder, volk 'ood be radin' down droo 'em avery dai, a'most! The Lard in heaven never made radds as cud ever baide the work, if stranngers cud goo along, wi'out bin vorced to zit down, and mend 'un."

When this was interpreted to his Highness, he was so struck with its clear sound sense, and logical sequence, that he fell back, and for the rest of his journey admired the grandeur of English character. This sentiment, so deeply founded, was not likely to be impaired by further acquaintance with our great nation. For more than a twelvemonth Prince Agasicles made his home in England, and many of his quaint remarks abode on Sussex shepherds' tongues for generations afterwards, recommended as they were by the vantage of princely wisdom. For he picked up quite enough of the language to say odd things as a child does, and with a like simplicity. With this difference, however, that while the great hits of the little ones, by the proud mother chronicled, are the lucky outbursts of happy inexperience, the old man's sage words were the issue of unhappy experience.

Nevertheless he must have owned a genial nature still at work. For he loved to go down the village-lane, when the wind was cold on the highland, and there to wait at a cottage-door, till the children came to stare at him. And soon these children had courage to spy that, in spite of his outlandish dress, pockets were about him, and they whispered as much to one another, while their eyes were testing him. At other times when the



wind was soft, and shadows of gentle clouds were shed in chase of one another, this great man who had seen the world, and knew all the stars hanging over it — his pleasure was to wander in and out of the ups and downs and nooks of quaintly-plaited hills, and feast his eyes upon their verdure. After that, when the westering light was spreading the upland ridge with gold, and the glades with grey solemnity, this man of declining years was well content to lean on a bank of turf, and watch the quiet ways of sheep. Often thus his mind was carried back to the land of childhood, soothed as in his nurse's arms by nature's peace around him. And if his dreams were interrupted by the crisp fresh sound of browsing, and the ovine tricks as bright as any human exploits, he would turn and do his best to talk with the lonely shepherds.

These, in their simple way, amused him, with their homely saws, and strange content, and independence; and he no less delighted them by unaccustomed modes of speech, and turns of thought beyond their minds, and distant wisdom quite brought home. Thus, and by many other means, this ancient prince, of noble presence, and of flowing snow-white hair, and vesture undisgraced by tailors, left such trace upon these hills, that even his ghost was well believed to know all the sheep-tracks afterwards.

Pleased with England, and with English scenery and customs, as well as charmed with having five quite baby stars to ephemerise, this great astrologer settled to stay in our country as long as possible. He sent his trusty servant, Memel, in a merchant-ship from Shoreham to fetch his implements and papers, precious things of many kinds, and curiosities long in store. Memel brought all these quite safe, except one little thing or two, which he accounted trifles; but his master was greatly vexed about them.

The prince unpacked his goods most carefully in his own eight-sided room, allowing none but his daughter to help him, and not too sure about trusting her. Then forth he set for a real campaign among the stars of the Southdowns — and supper-call and breakfast-bell were no more than the bark of a dog to him. And thus he spent his nights, alas! forgetful of the different clime, under the cold stars, when by rights he should have been under the counterpane.

This grew worse and worse, until towards the middle of the month of June, A.D. 1611, his mind was altogether

much above its proper temperature. Great things were pending in the heavens, which might be quoted as pious excuse for a little human restlessness. The Prince with his implements always ready, either in his lantern-chamber, or at his favourite spot of the hills, according to the weather, grew more and more impatient daily for the sun to be out of the way, and more and more intolerant every night of any cloudiness. Self-perplexed, downcast, and moody (except when for a few brief hours a brighter canopy changed his gloom into a nervous rapture), he wasted and waned away in body, as his mind grew brighter. After the hurried night, he dragged his faint way home in the morning, and his face of exhausted power struck awe into the household. No one dared to ask him what had happened, or why he looked so; and he like a true philosopher kept all explanations to himself. And then he started anew, and strode, with his Samian cloak around him, over the highest and darkest and most lonesome hill, out of people's sight.

One place there was, which beyond all others suited his purposes and his mood. A well-known land-mark now, and the scene of many a merry picnic, Chanctonbury Ring was then a lonely spot imbued with terror of a wandering ghost, — an ancient ghost with a long white beard, walking even in the afternoon, with his head bowed down in search of something — a vain search of centuries. This long-sought treasure has now been found; not by the ghost, however, but by a lucky stroke of the ploughshare; and the spectral owner roves no more. He is supposed, with all the assumption required to make a certainty, to have been a tenant on Chancton Manor, under Earl Gurth, the brother of Harold, and being slain at Hastings, to have forgotten where his treasure lay.

The Ring, as of old, is a height of vantage for searching all the country round with a telescope on a breezy day. It is the salient point and foreland of a long ridge of naked hills, crowned with darker eminence by a circle of storm-huddled trees. But when the astrologer Agasicles made his principal night-haunt here, the Ring was not overhung with trees, but only outlined by them; and the rampart of the British camp (if such it were) was more distinct, and uninvaed by planters. So that here was the very place for a quiet sage to make his home, sweeping a long horizon and secure from interruption. To such a citadel of science, guard-

ed by the fame of ghosts, even his daughter Artemise, or his trusty servant Memel, would scarcely dare to follow him; much less any of the peasants, who, from the lowland, seeing a distant light, crossed themselves; for that fine old custom flourished still among them. Therefore, here his tent was pitched, and here he spent the nights in gazing, and often the days in computation, not for himself but for his descendants; until his frame began to waste, and his great dark eyes grew pale with it.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### THE LEGEND OF THE ASTROLOGER.

ARTEMISE, and all around the prince, had been alarmed of late by many little symptoms. He always had been rashly given to take no heed of his food or clothes; but now he went beyond all that, and would have no one take heed for him, or dare to speak of the matter much. Hence, without listening to any nonsense, all the women were sure of one thing—the prince was wearing himself away.

The country people who knew him, and loved him with a little mystery, said that it was no wonder he should worry himself, for being so long away from home, in manners, and in places also. "Sure it must be a trial for him; out all night in the damp and fog; and he no sense of breeches!"

There was much of truth in this, no doubt, as well as much outside it. Yet none of them could enter into his peculiar state of mind. So that he often reproached himself for having been rude, but could not help it. Every one made allowance for him, as Englishmen do for a foreigner, as being of a somewhat lower order, in many ways, in creation. Yet with a mixture of mind about it, they admired him more and more.

The largeness of his nature still was very conspicuous in this,—he never brought his telescope to bear on his own planet. His heart was reaching so far forward into future ages, that he strove to follow downwards nine or ten entails of stars. To know what was to become of all that were to be descended from him; a highly interesting, but also a deeply exhausting question. This perpetual effort told very hard upon his constitution, for nothing less than fatal worry could have so impaired his native grace and lofty courtesy.

Yet before his sudden end, a softer and

more genial star was culminant one evening. When one's time comes to be certain—whether by earthly senses, or by influence of heaven—of the buoyant balance turning, and the slender span out-spun, tender thinkings, and kind wishes, come to the good side of us. Through this power, the petty troubles, and the crooked views of life, and the ambition to make others better than we care to be, and every other little turn of wholesome self-deception—these drop off, and leave us sinking into a sense of having lived, and made a humble thing of it.

Whether this be so or not, upon the 18th day of June in the year 1611, Prince Agasicles came home rather hot, and very tired, and fain for a little sleep, if such there were, to wear out weariness. But still he had heavy work left for that night; as a mighty comet had lately appeared, and scared the earth abundantly; yet now he had two or three hours to spare, and they might as well be happy ones. Therefore he sent for his daughter to come, and see to his food and such like, and then to sit with him some few minutes, and to watch the sunset.

Artemise, still young and lovely, knew of course, from Eastern wisdom, that woman's right is to do no wrong. So that she came at once when called, and felt as a mother ought to feel, that she multiplied her obedience vastly, by bringing all her children. Being in a soft state of mind, the old man was glad to see them all, and let them play with him as freely as childhood's awe of white hair allowed. Then he laid his hand upon Roger, the heir of the house, and blessed him on his way to bed; and after that he had his supper, waited on by Artemise, who was very grateful for his kindness to her children. So that she brought him the right thing, exactly at the right moment, without overcrowding him; and then she poured him sparkling wine, and comforted his weary feet, and gave him a delicious pipe of Persian meconopsis (free from the bane of opium, yet more dreamy than tobacco). Also she sprinkled round him delicate attar of the Vervain (sprightlier and less oppressive than the scent of roses), until his white beard ceased to flutter, and the strong lines of his face relaxed into soft drowsiness.

Observing thence the proper time, when sweet sleep was incroaching, and haste, and heat, and sudden temper were as far away as can be from a man of Eastern blood, Artemise, his daughter, touched him with the smile which he

used to love, when she was two years old and upward; and his thoughts without his knowledge flew back to her mother.

"Father to me, father dearest," she was whispering to him, in the native tongue which charms the old, as having lulled their cradles; "father to me, tell what trouble has together fallen on you in this cold and foreign land."

Melody enough was still remaining, in the most melodious of all mortal languages, for a child to move a father into softer memories, at the sound of ancient music thus revived, and left to dwell.

"Child of my breast," the prince replied, in the very best modern Hellenic, "a strong desire to sleep again hath overcome mine intellect."

"Thus is it the more suited, father, for discourse with such as mine. Let your little one share the troubles of paternal wisdom."

Suasion more than this was needed, and at every stage forthcoming, more skilfully than English words or even looks could render, ere ever the paternal wisdom might be coaxed to unfold itself; and even so it was not disposed to be altogether explicit.

"Ask me no more," he said at last; "enough that I foresee great troubles overhanging this sad house."

"Oh father, when, and how, and what? How shall we get over them, and why should we encounter them? And will my husband or my children —"

The prince put up one finger, as if to say, "Ask one thing at a time," the while he ceased not to revolve many and sad counsels in his venerable head, and in his gaze deep pity mingled with a father's pride and love. Then he spoke three words in a language which she did not comprehend, but retained their sound, and learned before her death that they meant this — "Knowledge of trouble troubles it."

"Now, best-loved father," she exclaimed, perceiving that his face was set to tell her very little, "behold how many helpless ones depend upon my knowledge of the evils I must shield them from. It is — nay, by your eyes — it is the little daughter whom you always cherished with such love and care, who now is the cause of a mind perplexed, as often she has been to you. Father, let not our affairs lay such burden on your mind, but spread them out and lighten it. Often, as our saying hath it, oftentimes the ear of folly is the purse for wisdom's gems."

"I hesitate not, I doubt no longer. I do not divide my mind in twain. The wisdom of them that come after me carries off and transcends mine own, as a mountain doth a half-peck basket. Wherefore, my daughter Artemise, wife of the noble Englishman with whom she ran away from Caria, and mother of my five grand-children, she is worthy to know all that I have learned from heaven; ay, and she shall know it all."

"Father to me dearest, yes! Oh how noble and good of you!"

"She shall know all," continued the prince, with a gaze of ingenuous confidence, and counting on his fingers slowly; "it may be sooner, or it may be later; however, I think one may safely promise a brilliant knowledge of everything in five years after we have completed the second century from this day. But now the great comet is waiting for me. Let me have my boots again. Uncouth, barbarous, frightful things! But in such a country needful!"

His daughter obeyed without a word, and hid her disappointment. "It is only to wait till to-morrow," she thought, "and then to fill him a larger pipe, and coax him a little more perhaps, and pour him more wine of Burgundy."

To-morrow never came for him, except in the way the stars come. In the morning he was missed, and sought for, and found dead and cold at the end of his longest telescope. In Chancetonbury Ring he died, and must have known, for at least a moment, that his death was over him; for among the stars of his jotting-chart was traced, in trembling charcoal, "Sepeli, ubi cecidi" — "Bury me where I have fallen."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

ALICE LORRAINE, with no small excitement, heard from her father's lips this story of their common ancestor. Part of it was already known to her, through traditions of the country; but this was the first time the whole had been put into a connected narrative. She wondered, also, what her father's reason could be for thus recounting to her this piece of family history, which had never been (as she felt quite sure) confided to her brother Hilary; and, like a young girl, she was saying to herself as he went on — "Shall I ever be fit to compare with that lovely Artemise, my ever-so-long-back grandmother, as the village people call it? and will that fine old astrologer see that the stars do their duty to us? and was the

great comet that killed him the one that frightens me every night so? and why did he make such a point of dying without explaining anything?"

However, what she asked her father was a different question from all these.

"Oh papa, how kind of you to tell me all that story! But what became of Artemise—"Lady Lorraine" I suppose she was?"

"No, my dear; 'Mistress Lorraine,' or 'Madame Lorraine' perhaps they called her. The old earldom had long been lost, and Roger, her son, who fell at Naseby, was the first baronet of our family. But as for Artemise herself—the daughter of the astrologer, and wife of Hilary Lorraine, she died at the birth of her next infant, within a twelvemonth after her father; and then it was known why he had been so reluctant to tell her anything."

"Oh I am so sorry for her! Then she is that beautiful creature hanging third from the door in the gallery, with ruches beautifully picked out and glossy, and wonderful gold lace on her head, and long hair, and lovely emeralds hanging down as if they were nothing."

"Yes," said Sir Roland, smiling at his daughter's style of description, "that of course is the lady; and the portrait is clearly a likeness. At one time we thought of naming you after her—"Artemise Lorraine"—for your nurse discovered that you were like her at the mature age of three days."

"Oh papa, how I wish you had! It would have sounded so much nicer, and so beautifully romantic."

"Just so, my child; and therefore, in these matter-of-fact times, so deliciously absurd. Moreover, I hope that you will not be like her, either in running away from your father, or in any other way—except her kindness and faithfulness."

He was going to say "in her early death;" but a sudden touch of our natural superstition stopped him.

"Papa, how dare you speak as if any one ever, in all the world, could be fit to compare with you? But now you must tell me one little thing—why have you chosen this very day, which ought to be such a happy one, for telling me so sad a tale, that a little more would have made me cry?"

"The reason, my Lallie, is simple enough. This happens to be the very day when the two hundred years are over; and the astrologer's will, or whatever the document is, may now be opened."

"His will, papa! Did he leave a will? And none of us ever heard of it!"

"My dear, your acquaintance with his character is, perhaps, not exhaustive. He may have left many wills without wishing to have them published; at any rate you shall have the chance before it grows dark, to see what there is."

"Me! or I—whichever is right?—me, or I to do such a thing! Papa, when I was six years old I could stand on my head; but now I have lost the art, alas!"

"Now, Alice, do try to be sensible, if you ever had such an opening. You know that I do not very often act rashly; but you will make me think I have done so now, unless you behave most steadily."

"Papa, I am steadiness itself; but you must make allowance for a little upset at the marvels heaped upon me."

"My dear child, there are no marvels; or, at any rate, none for you to know. All you have to do is to go, and to fetch a certain document. Whether you know any more about it is a question for me to consider."

"Oh papa—to raise me up so, and to cast me down like that! And I was giving you credit for having trusted me so entirely! And very likely you would not even have sent me for this document, if you had your own way about it."

"Alice," Sir Roland answered, smiling at her knowledge of him, "you happen to be particularly right in that conjecture. I should never have thought of sending you to a lonely and forsaken place if I were allowed to send any one else, or to go myself. And I have not been happy at thinking about it ever since the morning."

"My father, do you think that I could help rejoicing in such a job? It is the very thing to suit me. Where are the keys, papa? Do be quick."

"I have no intention, my dear child, of hurrying either you or myself. There is plenty of time to think of all things. The sun has not set, and that happens to be one of the little things we have to look to."

"Oh, how very delightful, papa! That makes it so much more beautiful. And it is the astrologer's room, of course."

"My dear, it strikes me that you look rather pale, in the midst of all your transports. Now, don't go if you are at all afraid."

"Afraid, papa! Now you want to provoke me. You quite forget both my age, it appears, and the family I belong to."

"My pet, you never allow us to be very long forgetful of either of those great facts; but I trust I have borne them both duly in mind, and I fear that I should even enhance, most needlessly, your self-esteem, if I were to read you the directions which I now am following. For, strangely enough, they do contain predictions as to your character such as we cannot yet perceive (much as we love you) to have come to pass."

"Oh, but who are the 'we,' papa? If everybody knows it—even grandmamma, for instance—what pleasure can I hope to find in ever having been predicted?"

"You may enjoy that pleasure, Alice, as exclusively as you please. Even your grandmother knows nothing of the matter we have now in hand; or else—at least I should say perhaps that, if it were otherwise——"

"She would have been down here, of course, papa, and have marched up to the room herself; but, if the whole thing belongs to one's self, nothing can be more delightful than to have been predicted, especially in glowing terms such as I beg you now, papa, to read in glowing tones to me."

"Alice, I do not like that style of—what shall I call it?—on your part. *Persiflage*, I believe is the word; and I am glad that there is no English one. It is never graceful in any woman, still less in a young girl like you. Hilary brought it from Oxford first; and perhaps he thought it excellent. Lay it aside now, once and for all. It hopes to seem a clever thing, and it does not even succeed in that."

At these severe words, spoken with a decided attempt at severity, Alice fell back, and could only drop her eyes and wonder what could have made her father so cross upon his birthday. But, after the smart of the moment, she began to acknowledge to herself that her father was right and she was wrong. This flip-pant style was foreign to her, and its charms must be foregone.

"I beg your pardon, father dear," she said, looking softly up at him; "I know that I am not clever, and I never meant to seem so."

"Quite right, Alice; never attempt to do anything impossible." Saying this to her, Sir Roland said to himself that, after all, he should like to know very much where to find any girl half so clever as Lallie, or any girl even a quarter so good, and so loving, and so beautiful.

"The sun is almost gone behind the

curve of the hill, and the scrubby beech, and the nick cut in the gorsebush. Alice, you know we only see it for just the Midsummer week like that."

Alice came with her eyes already quit of every trace of tears; with vanity and all petty feelings melting into larger thought. The beauty of the world would often come around and overcome her, so that she felt nothing else.

"The sun must always be the same," Sir Roland said, rather doubtfully, after waiting for Alice to begin. "No doubt he must always be the same; but still the great Herschel seems to think that even the sun is changing. If he is fed by comets (as our old astronomers used to say), he ought to be doing very well just now. Alice, the sun is above ground still, for people on the hill-top, and there is the comet already kindling!"

"Of course he is, papa; he never waits for the sun's convenience. But I must not say that—I forgot. There would be no English name for it—would there now, papa?"

"You little tyrant, what troubles I would inflict upon you if I studied the stars! But I scarcely know the belt of Orion from the Northern Crown. Astronomy does not appear to have taken deep root in our family; but look, there is part of the sun again emerging under Chancton! In five minutes more he will be quite gone; now is the time for me to read these queer directions, which contain so poetical an account of you."

Alice, warned by his former words, and reduced to proper humility, did not speak while her father opened the small strip of parchment, at which she had so long been peeping curiously.

"It is written in Latin," Sir Roland said, "and has been handed from father to son unsealed, and as you see it, from the time of the prince till our time."

"May I see it, papa? What a very clear hand! but you must translate it for me."

"Then here it is:—'To the father and master of the family of Lorraine, whoever shall be in the year, according to Christian computation, 1811, Agasicles Syennesis, the Carian, bids hail. Do thou, on the 18th day of June, when the sun has well descended, or departed'—*decesserit* the word is—'send thy eldest daughter, without any companion, to the astronomer's *cenaculum*'—why, he never ate supper, the poor old fellow, unless it was the one he died of—and there let her search in a closet or cup



board"—*in secessu muri*, the words are, as far as I can make out—"and she will find a small document, which to me has been in great price. There will also be something else, to be treated *pro re nata*"—that means according to circumstances—"and according to the orders in the document aforesaid. The virgin will be brave, and beautiful, ready to give herself for the house, and of swiftly-growing prudence. If there be no such virgin then the need for her will not have arisen. It is necessary that no young man should go, and my document must lie hidden for another century. It is not possible that any one of uncertain skill should be certain. But there ought to be a great comet also burning in the sky, of the same complexion as the one that makes my calculations doubtful. Farewell, whosoever thou shalt be, from me descended, and obey me."

"Papa, I declare, it quite frightens me. How could he have predicted me, for instance, and this great comet, and even you?"

"Then you think that you answer to your description! My darling, I do believe that you do. But you never shall 'give yourself for the house,' or for fifty thousand houses. Now, will you have anything to do with this strange affair; or will you not? Much rather would I hear you say that you will have nothing to do with it, and that the old man's book may sleep for at least another century."

"Now, papa, you know how much you would be disappointed in me. And do you think that I could have any self-respect remaining? And beside all that, how could I hope to sleep in my bed with all those secrets ever dangling over me?"

"That last is a very important point. With your excitable nature you had better go always through a thing. It was the same with your dear mother. Here are the keys, my daughter. I really feel ashamed to dwell so long on a mere superstition."

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From Temple Bar.

LAMARTINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU."

"I WAS born," says Lamartine in the opening of his charming Memoirs, "in the very midst of the French Revolution—a time of passion, folly, and fury of

parties on all sides. My first recollections are of a father in prison; of a mother a captive on parole in her house, under a revolutionary guard; of the songs of the 'Marseillaise' and the 'Ca Ira' sung in the streets, and echoing, as it were, the anguish in the bosom of the families around us; of the dull thuds which followed the strokes of the guillotine in our public squares; of the march of half-scared troops all day long on the highways. I used myself to sing the songs I heard others sing, poor little unintelligent echo that I was of a world into which I had just entered amidst smiles and tears!"

The Lamartines were an ancient and noble family of Burgundy. The father of our Lamartine, a younger son, married the daughter of M. de Roys, Comptroller-General of the Finances of the Duc d'Orléans. Most exquisite and touching is the picture which Alphonse has bequeathed us of his mother; beautiful, gentle, pious, charitable, devoted to her children, a perfect pattern of every womanly virtue: and that this picture is not the highly-coloured effusion of filial love is proved by the fact that even unto the present day (or at least until recently), according to the testimony of a contemporary writer, her memory is fondly cherished at Mâcon.

During the fury of the Revolution the grandfather and grandmother, both over eighty years of age, and the father but a few months wedded, were dragged from their homes and cast into prison. The son has told us very beautifully how the young wife with her first-born infant took up her abode in a garret overlooking the prison, an old convent in Mâcon, and how, by the connivance of a friendly jailer, the husband was confined in a room at the top of the building which commanded a view of that garret window; how the unhappy pair could thus exchange signs with each other, and by-and-by, by means of a bow and arrow, letters; how on her knees she begged mercy of the proconsul of the Convention, how she softened the heart of the fierce republican, and how, probably owing to this, her husband was *forgotten* until the fall of the Terrorists opened his prison-doors.

By a strange good fortune every member of the family escaped the guillotine.

Alphonse was born at Mâcon in the year 1790; but his childhood was passed at Milly in a quaint old building, half château, half farmhouse, a portion of his



father's small heritage, upon which the Revolutionists had left indelible marks of their patriotism, *i.e.* destructiveness. Here Monsieur and Madame de Lamartine passed the greater portion of their lives, and here their children, one son and five or six daughters, were born. Their income was a very modest one, only two hundred and fifty pounds a year. Alphonse has bequeathed us several delightful sketches of this home life, and of the simple manners of provincial France of the period. Here are two winter pictures :

The evening is closing in ; the doors of the little country-house are shut. The bark of the house-dog outside gives notice from time to time of any strange step. A sharp autumn shower rattles against the panes of two low windows, while the wind, blowing in gusts through the plane-trees, and sweeping their branches towards the outside shutters, produces that melancholy whistle which we sometimes hear in a great pine wood before a storm. The room I am describing is large, but nearly bare of furniture. At the bottom is a deep alcove, in which stands a bed. The curtains of this bed are of white serge edged with blue. This is my mother's. On four wooden chairs at the foot of the bed rest two cradles. They contain my two little sisters, who have been asleep for a long time. A cheerful fire of pine logs crackles on a stone hearth beyond, with a white marble chimney-piece, of which the revolutionary hammer has broken the arms in the centre, together with the *fleurs-de-lis* ornaments on each side. Even the iron plate at the back of the fireplace has been turned inside out, because it bore on its surface the arms of the king. The ceiling is of old wooden beams blackened with smoke. There is no carpet or inlaid parquet, only square unvarnished tiles, and these broken in a hundred places by the heavy hobnailed shoes of the peasants, who had made this room a dancing-hall during my father's imprisonment. No paper or hangings of any sort adorn the walls. You see that the plaster is broken away in many places, showing the stone of the outside wall, just as a torn frock would display a little beggar child's legs. In one corner is an open piano with different pieces of music (among the rest, Jean-Jacques Rousseau's "Divin du village") scattered over the instrument. Near the fireplace, in the middle of the room, is a little card-table, of which the green baize cover is all marked with inkstains and with little holes in the stuff. On the table flare two tallow candles in two silver-plated candlesticks, which throw a little light and a great many flickering shadows on the whitewashed walls of the room.

Here follows a description of the personal appearance of his mother and father, which space will not permit me to

give, as I cannot refrain from quoting the following charming description of a primitive life which seems to be centuries distant from us of to-day :

Then (that is, after the vintage) began the spinning of the flax and hemp in the evenings at home ; or else the cracking of the walnuts, which was the last gay work of the season for the villagers. The mistress of the house, by the light of a rustic lamp called a *creuse-yeux*, gathered round the large kitchen table, children, servants, visitors, and neighbours. The men went to the cellar and brought out huge sacks of nuts, of which the husk, already half rotten, was easily detached from the shell, and threw them on the floor. Every one, armed with a hammer, set to work on a heap of rich fruit before him, to crack the nuts carefully, and take out the kernel (if possible entire) and put them in little heaps, either for sale or for the oil mill. Gay laughter and innocent conversation echoed from one end of the room to the other, and made the work seem like play. When all was done, dancing began, and generally continued till midnight.

It was the same with the weaving of the hemp and flax, which used to occupy the winter evenings in the great barn until the tow merchants came round and bargained for the long hanks of yarn and vegetable silk, the product of which was the gain of the wives and daughters and women-servants of the house, and often served to keep them in clothes altogether. We used to take our share in all these works with our servants and peasants, as was the custom in those primitive days. The presence of our gentle mother was a check on any light or improper word or action ; for she had won the respect and love of the whole neighbourhood.

Sometimes the family passed the whole year at Milly, but more frequently the winter months were spent at Mâcon, where, after a time, Monsieur de Lamartine purchased a town-house.

Such were the scenes among which Alphonse was reared until the eleventh year of his age, the period at which he was sent away to school. He received his education principally at the celebrated Jesuit college at Belley, on the borders of Savoy, where he won the brightest laurels of scholarship. When Napoleon dispersed the Jesuits, he returned home.

His parents were greatly influenced by the wishes and opinions of M. de Lamartine's brothers and sisters, from whom they had great expectations, more especially for Alphonse, whose future fortune was largely dependent upon their good will. These magnates were intensely proud and intensely Legitimist, consequently their prejudices would not per-

mit the young man to go to the bar or to serve the Bonapartist government in any capacity. Thus, during the autumn and winter following his return from college, he remained idle and melancholy beneath the paternal roof.

Being ardent, dreamy, poetical, of course he fell in love. The object of his passion was a very pretty girl of his own age, with whom he read Ossian, and to whom he wrote Ossianic verses—replied to in the same strain—under whose chamber window he used to wander in cold winter nights to catch a glimpse of a white hand waved responsive from the casement. One bitter snowy night they met in her father's garden, she descending from her window by means of a ladder which he had brought with him; they seated themselves upon a snow-covered bench, very shy, very embarrassed, when lo! before they could utter the tender thoughts that trembled upon their lips, their *tête-à-tête* was suddenly interrupted by the barking of Alphonse's dog, who unknown to him had followed his master. This put the lovers to flight. The escapade was discovered, and it was thought desirable that the young man should break the association by a journey to Italy.

Italy has ever been the dream of his life; he embraces the idea with enthusiasm, and starts for Leghorn in company with a newly-married couple, relatives of his mother's. After a time they return to France, but Alphonse, now alone, goes on to Florence, and thence to the Eternal City. His travelling companions are Davide, a then famous singer, and a youth whom Alphonse supposes to be his son. Upon their arrival at Rome, the three lodge at the same inn, and to his great surprise our hero discovers the supposed youth to be a very beautiful woman, one of Davide's company.

Camilla (such was her name), he tells us, knew the town by heart, and used to take me at the best hours for seeing this beautiful city—the morning under the stone pines in the Pincio; the evening under the shade of the grand Colonnade of St. Peter's; by moonlight in the solemn enclosure of the Coliseum; and in the glorious autumn days to Albano, Frascati, or the Temple of the Sibyl, echoing with the foaming cascades of Tivoli. Camilla was bright and gay, like a figure of eternal youth amidst these vestiges of bygone times; she danced on the tomb of Cecilia Metella; and while I was sitting dreaming upon a funeral mole, her beautiful voice echoed through the Palace of Diocletian. In the evening we re-

turned to the city, our carriage full of flowers and fragments of marbles, and rejoined our old companion, Davide, who took us to finish our day in his opera-box.

The fair singer, he adds, had no feeling for him beyond a brotherly liking, nor did his own affection, spite her beauty, pass beyond that limit.

When Camilla and Davide depart, he is again alone; he falls in love with a beautiful artist named Bianca Boni, by whom he is very scornfully treated. In the autumn of 1811 he departs for Naples. He has given a very graphic picture of the impression produced upon him by the sudden transition from the sombre stillness of Rome to the bustle of this gay city.

The effect was magical [he says]. Rome was a monastery, Naples the garden of Eden. Nature and man seem to have combined to produce this most perfect spot. The grotto of Pausilippo, where you pass through utter darkness to find on the other side the green plain of Pozzuoli and the azure bay of Baïæ; Virgil's tomb, where the old poet seems to sleep under his laurels to the lulling tune of the sea-waves; the ten thousand villas which crowd the Chiaja; the never-ceasing noise and bustle of the Via di Toledo; the royal palace and its terrace; the theatre; the market-place; the different cries and costumes of the men, women, and children selling fish upon the shore; the monasteries and church steeples; the religious habits mingled with the peasants' dresses; the beautiful country-house of the king rising like a white phantom from its groups of cypresses and Italian pines; another palace, like the Reine Jeanne, jutting its bistre-coloured rocks into the sea; Vesuvius soaring above all, with its light cloud of smoke, like a priestess playing with the coals of her censer; add to this a sun without a cloud filling one's heart with gladness, and a sky of the deepest ultramarine.

His mother had sent him letters of introduction to a M. de la Chavanne, the director of the tobacco manufactory, at whose house he by-and-by takes up his abode.

Among the young girls employed in the manufactory is one named Graziella, who is given him for an attendant; she is the daughter of a fisherman of the island of Procida, and is destined to produce a lasting impression upon the young man's life and genius, and to be immortalized by him in prose and verse. He thus describes her in Procitanian costume:

On her feet she had little yellow slippers without heels, of which the leather was finely embroidered in red and silver; her blue stockings seemed not to be knitted but woven in

some kind of bright stuff. A woollen petticoat with a multitude of fine plaited folds, and of a dark yet bright brown shade, fell to her feet; a bodice of green velvet cut square, and made into a point both before and behind, revealed her neck and bosom, both of which were modestly covered by a chemisette of fine lace and embroidery closely buttoned down the front. The sleeves and waistcoat were trimmed with rich braiding and embroidery, and are alike for rich and poor. The head-dress, except on a journey, consisted of nothing but a profusion of raven black hair, rolled in a thick cable round the head, like a living turban. Her throat and ears were ornamented with a beautiful necklace and earrings of Greek workmanship, and of very fine gold, the pendants of which clicked like the little bells of a horse in a circus. The blushing face of the child revealed a mixture of shame and bashfulness, partly with the consciousness of her own beauty and partly with the sense of our appreciation of it.

He goes away with Herr von Humboldt, the diplomatist, on a tour in Calabria. When he returns Graziella has disappeared, leaving a note behind her. It runs thus: "From the moment you departed I felt I could no longer stay; I shall never see thee again." And the paper is blistered with tear-marks. She has returned to her home. Thither, after a little while, he follows her in company with a friend named Virieu. In all his writings there is no more beautiful episode than that (in his "Confidences") which describes his life upon the lovely Grecian island, where, amidst the primitive inhabitants, lapped in the soft luxury of the delicious climate, he forgets for months, home, friends, and the artificial world to which he belongs. His days are passed idly floating upon the sunlit waters of the Mediterranean, or beneath the shadows of the trellised vines—a few books and Graziella for his companions; the nights are spent wandering upon the sea-beat shore beneath the burning constellations of the southern heavens, his whole soul steeped in the soft love-breathing languor of the perfumed air. How dangerous such a companionship to two young hearts, but more especially to *hers*, and he is so handsome, so gentle, so refined, so different to the associations by which she is surrounded! One stormy night her father's boat, although it has been drawn up on the strand, is beaten to pieces by the waves; the family's sole means of support is thus destroyed. While they are bemoaning their hard fate Alphonse and his friend put their small stock of money together, and, without a word of their intention, depart

to seek for a trim-built vessel to supply the place of the wreck. The joy and gratitude of the poor people when, without a word of preparation, the boat is brought round opposite their cottage, may be imagined. Sometimes, after dark, their guest reads to them. One night he selects "Paul and Virginia." They listen to the sweet pathetic story with tear-streaming eyes. Graziella holds the lamp, absorbed, spell-bound, drawing closer and closer to the reader as the interest rises, until her breath fans his cheek. He breaks off in the middle, reserving the catastrophe for the next evening. They entreat, implore him to proceed, but he is inexorable. The following night they gather round him in eager expectancy. When he comes to the catastrophe, their deep, convulsive sobs fill the hut. The next day they move about solemnly, mournfully, as under the shadow of death.

A young fisherman, well-to-do, becomes a suitor for Graziella's hand. The proposal excites in her only horror, and when her parents grow peremptory she disappears from her home. They know not whither she has fled; the island is searched, for a time in vain. At length Alphonse finds her in a religious cell, her beautiful hair cut off, and in all but a dying state from fasting and weeping. At length his mother writes to his friend Virieu, who has returned to Naples, for an explanation of the suspicious life he is leading at the island. Virieu comes over and almost drags him away, leaving Graziella heart-broken and senseless in her mother's arms.

He returns to Mâcon. Soon afterwards a traveller brings him a letter; it is her last farewell. She survived his departure but a few days; her last thoughts had been for him. In one of his sweetest poems, which bears her name, he thus describes the spot that contains the ashes of this pathetic love-story:

Sur la plage sonore où la mer de Sorrente  
Déroule ses flots au pied de l'oranger,  
Il est, près du sentier, sous la haie odorante,  
Une petite pierre étroite et indifférente,  
Aux distraits de l'Etranger;  
La Giroflée y cache un seul nom sous gerbes,  
Un nom que nul écho n'a jamais répété.  
Quelquefois cependant le passant arrêté,  
Lisant l'âge et la date en écartant les herbes,  
Et sentant dans ses yeux quelques larmes  
courir,  
Dit, "Elle avait seize ans! c'est bientôt pour  
mourir."

The memory of this hapless love sinks

deep into his heart, and develops into morbid, Byronic melancholy, out of which by-and-by will come poetry, Byronic in its beauty and sadness, to stir the heart of Europe. Ah, why did he not remain in that beautiful island, make Graziella his wife, turn fisherman, and forsake forever the cold artificial life of what is called civilization? What to him are the people of this petty provincial town? He and they are divided by gulfs as impassable as though they were separate creations; they have no ideas, no sympathies in common. With them to be a perfect whist-player is to attain the summit of earthly genius. And to mingle with and pander to these soulless beings; to lead this idle listless life upon which no prospect dawns, he has forsaken that glorious land of eternal sunshine, those simple, kindly people, and condemned that gentle heart to death. "My God!" he writes, "I have often regretted that I was born. I have often wished to fall back even into nothingness rather than advance through so many falsehoods, so many sufferings, and so many successive losses towards that loss of ourselves which we call death."

Such is the common wail of genius in this nineteenth century. There is no such burden to the song of Homer and Virgil, nor to that of Tasso; not even to that of Dante, certainly not to Chaucer's nor Shakespeare's. These men of an older age enjoyed life with a more cheerful and robust philosophy: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we may die." But the thought cast no sadness over the feast; they were content to take life as it is; they felt the sorrow of to-day, but anticipated not the woe of to-morrow; when unafflicted by any extraordinary trouble, the mere sense of animal life was happiness. Death cast not his shadow before him in those days. But the morbid preponderance of the intellectual over the physical which characterizes the poetical temperament of our own time robs the world of its gladness. Over the sunlit earth, teeming with the life of summer; over the noble forms of men, over the beauty of women, the dark angel ever sits brooding. All that we hold for dear and beautiful is but a masked corruption, dust and ashes, to be swept into a tomb. Fatal truths all, but imparting a morbid tone to thought if the mind be ever dwelling upon them. Symptoms of disease, marking perhaps the first stages of the world's decay.

There seems to have been a constant

struggle going on in Lamartine's mind between the real and the ideal. He was sentimental rather than passionate. In spite of his love romances there was an element of coldness in his nature which, while it preserved him from error, degenerated into fastidiousness. "It was not," says a contemporary writer, "so much a woman that was necessary to Lamartine as Eve before the serpent, perfect, divine, immaculate in all things."

Tortured by bitter memories; consumed by a restless, ambitious spirit that could find no field for action, by a morbid imagination that fed upon its own moody melancholy; a solitary wanderer among the wild romantic scenery of Burgundy—thus passes away another twelvemonth of his life. Then he goes to Paris, plunges into the excitement of gambling, contracts heavy debts, from which perils he is rescued by his devoted mother, who wins him back to his home once more.

Hope at length dawns in the young man's dark horizon. Paris is occupied by the Allies, and Louis the Eighteenth is proclaimed. Alphonse dons the white scarf and departs to join the King. His father presents him at Court, and he is enrolled in the royal body guard. After remaining at Paris for some time, he removes into garrison at Beauvais. There he resumes his old solitary wanderings, and begins writing those poems known hereafter as "*Les Méditations Poétiques*." His favourite resort is a deserted vineyard, where he reclines in

A hollow formed by the furrows and shaded by the vine leaves, where I had made myself a little seat invisible to all eyes. I used to gather the leaves round me, breathing in their sweet aromatic smell, and wishing for nothing else on earth. Sometimes the shade of Graziella under the vines of Ischia came before me and fell upon the open book. . . . These hours were spent either in sorrowful remembrance of the past and in tears, as a well-known face seemed to rise up before me which was engraven forever on my heart; or in writing disconnected verses to her memory, in which my grief was mingled with remorse; or in dreaming of the future, on the threshold of which I was then standing.

He returns to Mâcon on leave, and by-and-by comes the news that "Napoleon has escaped from Elba, and is marching with a handful of troops across the mountains to Grenoble." He hurries back to Paris. "The town," he says, "was in a strange state of dumb consternation, like a place where there is but one feeling." But the cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" which



follow the King to the Chamber of Deputies next day, seem to him "like the oath of the whole nation." He rejoins his corps; finds them full of zeal, willing, like himself, to die for the King. The enthusiasm is general. Paris will be buried under her ruins rather than yield! Fidelity to the Court spreads throughout the population. Every one enrolls himself as a volunteer. They will meet the usurper on the plains of Villejuif. But, alas! when the day which was to have been the day of battle comes, there are neither soldiers nor leaders; all have deserted. Nothing is left to the Court but flight. At midnight the little escort of retreating majesty commences its march from the capital.

Nothing can paint the despair of the people when they saw, through the glimmering darkness, that the last defenders of the King were leaving the city. The inhabitants were crying at their doors, while their wives and children brought us wine and food; our own tears fell while consternation filled every breast; curses on the Emperor echoed from house to house; and we ourselves knew not where we were going.

And so, in the silence of the night, under a freezing March rain, the King, the Comte d'Artois, the Duc d'Angoulême, the Duc de Berri, and their few adherents, take the route to Lille. "No one spoke. The pride of France was humbled to the dust."

At Bethune the escort is dismissed, and Alphonse has to return home through a country which, as he recedes from the north, becomes more and more hostile. Finding that if he remains in France he has no alternative but to serve the Emperor, he passes into Switzerland. Here a rumour reaches him that a small army of royalists is being organized at La Chaux-de-Fond, under the direction of the Abbé Lafond. He makes various inquiries respecting this gathering, but cannot discover any one who has any knowledge of the fact. So he goes to seek the Abbé, and finds him at the village inn—"a little man between thirty and forty, with a beaming face;" to whom he imparts his desire of joining that army which is to fight for the King against the Emperor, and ends by asking the very pertinent question, "Where is the army?" "The army!" exclaims Monsieur l'Abbé; "why, it is I! there is no other." "What!" cries Alphonse, "no army?" "None," replies the Abbé, smiling. "Men, after all, are nothing; it is the idea which is all in all; the idea

is mine, and if I can persuade every one from here to Besançon, as I have done, that a formidable army has been formed upon this frontier, ready to act when the time comes, is it not as useful, and as much to be dreaded by the enemy, as if, indeed, numberless battalions were prepared to enter France to bear succour to the Royalists? Without money, without pay, without soldiers, without arms, I keep a whole province in check. Stay with me, we shall be two instead of one; and when the Emperor has been defeated by the armies of Europe, we shall have been believed to have led a general insurrection, and the east of France will think that their deliverance is owing to us."

But Alphonse is not to be persuaded by the Abbé's eloquence. He now takes up his abode in a boatman's house upon the borders of Lake Leman. Here, amidst

Nature the most ideal, scenery the most perfect, solitude the most entire, society the most innocent and limited—a boatman and his daughter—a tiny room, a swallow, a mouse, a dog, a lake and an horizon, a vague hope of a glorious future, and a bright colouring of youth throwing its halo over all—this was surely everything that humanity could desire. No! never have I lived days that equalled those peaceful hours at Narnier. My spirit of melancholy could not again find such an Eden.

To this retreat is brought the news of Waterloo. The Empire has fallen. Napoleon's power has crumbled into dust.

He gave himself up to the English as a prisoner [says Lamartine] and went to die without honour or grandeur at St. Helena. There his life was one long parody with the playthings of power. He held more to the title of Emperor than to the Empire itself. He was no longer a great man, but only the imitation of one. His death showed us the secret of his life. We pity him, but only admire him by courtesy . . . he died grandly at Fontainebleau, only his shadow expired at St. Helena.

It was in 1816, at Aix, that Lamartine first met the beautiful Creole girl, the Elvire of the "Méditations," the Julie of "Raphael," the heroine of the third and last of his love romances, upon the last page of which death inscribed "Finis."

He had hoped much from the Restoration; but his hopes were doomed to disappointment. It was impossible for Royalty to provide for all its adherents, and after three years of solicitation Alphonse still remained idle, living more than ever among his books, and writing verses



which he showed to no one. The gloom of his mind at this time is evidenced in this passage: "To-day I have entered my twenty-eighth year, and am as faded as if I had lived a hundred. I did not think that it was so difficult to live."

A year later he makes the acquaintance of a Miss Birch, a young English lady; he reads to her his poems, as yet unpublished; she becomes fascinated both with them and the writer, whom she compares to Byron. They fall in love with each other. But the proud, haughty uncles and aunts object to the alliance, and the mother of the young lady, with equal pride, takes away her daughter to Italy, and so all is supposed to be at an end. But the young people still correspond. Alphonse goes to Paris, and from his personal appearance and fine talents is received with great distinction in the first society.

In 1820 appeared his first work, "Les Méditations Poétiques." Its success was immediate and triumphant. It was eulogized by Talleyrand, and Chateaubriand pronounced one of the odes to be worth the whole of his "Génie du Christianisme;"\* and better still, M. Pasquier, the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, himself a literary man, at once named him Secretary to the Embassy at Naples. The King sent him a beautiful edition of Lemaire's "Latin Classics," together with a message of the most flattering commendation, and a pension from the literary fund. And so, he writes, "Life, fortune, satisfied ambition, glory, and, above all, universal esteem and friendship burst all at once on the head of one whose existence had been so long embittered by delays which had brought him to the very verge of despair."

A few months afterwards he was united to the charming young English lady, and so took a wife with him to Naples.

During the next few years his life was one brilliant success. In 1823 appeared another volume of poems, "Nouvelles Méditations." The appointment to the legation at Florence followed. Upon the death of Lord Byron,† he wrote "Le Dernier Chant de Childe Harold," a noble eulogy upon the great poet's heroic

struggle for Greek independence, which, however, in consequence of some sharp strictures upon the debased spirit of modern Italy, involved him in a duel with an Italian officer. The death of his uncle, the Abbé Lamartine, added a splendid estate to his ever-swelling fortune, and soon afterwards he received the post of chargé d'affaires at Lucca and Parma, with a salary increased by twenty thousand francs. In 1829 he was elected to a vacant seat in the Academy without even a canvas, an unprecedented honour, bestowed in consideration of his having been rejected a few years previously. Polignac, upon his accession to the Ministry, offered the poet the under-secretaryship of foreign affairs; but although, he says, "I loved the Prince, I dreaded his policy;" and so he gratefully but firmly declined the post. To the honour of Charles the Tenth and his minister he it recorded, that this refusal, backed as it had been by a speech before the Academy against that *coup d'état* which destroyed the Charter and the liberty of the press, excited in them no malicious resentment; and finding that he could not be prevailed upon to become a member of the Government, they appointed him minister plenipotentiary at Athens.

There fell upon him at this time a heavy affliction—the death of his noble mother. The blow was sudden. He had arranged to spend a few months with her before his departure. He had been collecting in Paris some splendid presents of jewellery and costly silks, and was just about to start for Mâcon when he received the fatal news. The intensity of his grief may be imagined from the devoted love he bore her.

Ere he could depart for Athens the Revolution of July swept away the throne of Charles the Tenth. The new Government desired to ratify his appointment, but a personal dislike to the Duc d'Orléans, and a feeling of loyalty to the elder branch of the Bourbons, determined him to refuse all favours at its hands.

In 1832, he, with his wife and only child, his idolized Julie—doomed never to return—started for the East. The enormous expenses of this expedition, which he conducted on a scale of princely magnificence, greatly impaired his fortune, and was the commencement of those pecuniary embarrassments which embittered his latter years.

The East produced a marvellous but scarcely a beneficial effect upon his mind and imagination: from that time his

\* In four years there were sold forty-five thousand copies of this book.

† The genius of Lamartine was largely influenced by the writings of Lord Byron, whom, says a contemporary writer, "he greatly reminds one of in the *tout ensemble* of his person. There is the same beauty of countenance and look, the same habits of elegance and dandyism, the same carriage, rather stiff and English perhaps, but perfectly noble and distinguished."

poetry, formerly so immaculately pure, became imbued with an Oriental sensuousness; his religion, learned at the knees of his pious mother, became clouded with Oriental mysticism and pantheism; and his political opinions, hitherto faithfully monarchical, assumed a democratic, and ultimately a republican, form. The news that during his absence he had been chosen representative of the electoral college of Dunkerque hastened his return to Europe.

It was at the commencement of 1834 that he made his *début* in the Chamber. There was much curiosity and eager speculation as to whether he would incline to the Right or to the Left. He inclined to neither. He held aloof from all parties, declaring himself to be simply the champion of humanity, justice, toleration, morality. Each party being disappointed in not securing so brilliant an orator, expressed dissatisfaction at his speech. Some called it vague, others diffuse, yet all were charmed with its noble and harmonious eloquence.

During the next sixteen years his life was divided between the Library and the Chamber of Deputies. He took a prominent part in all the great debates, but there was an Optimism and Utopianism in all his views which greatly detracted from the weight his genius would otherwise have given. Hear, for instance, what he says upon Turkish affairs at a time when the speedy death of "the sick man" was considered inevitable:

We must assemble an European Congress, decree that instantly after the fall of the Ottoman Empire every power shall seize on a portion of the East \* under the style of a Protectorate, and shall found upon the coasts model towns destined to relieve Europe from her exuberant population, and draw the natives by the magnetic power of a beneficent, equitable, and regular organization to them, and insensibly to summon to her the whole of Asia by way of conversion. . . . In twenty years the measure I propose will have created prosperous nations and millions of men marching under the ægis of Europe to a new civilization.

In 1847 he published his celebrated "*Histoire des Girondins*." It appeared at a time of great political ferment; to young France it sounded like a trumpet-call to revolution. A magnificent historical romance, rather than a history pure and simple, in which facts are subordinate to effect, truth to description; the

gorgeous hues of a poetic imagination suffuse alike the heroes of the National Assembly and the murderers of the Commune; the impracticable theories of the Girondists are elevated to the sublimest heights of political speculation; even the terrible Danton and the detestable Robespierre are depicted in colours that fascinate even while they repel. The book was in all hands, read by all classes, excited fanatics to emulation, and undoubtedly hastened on the events of '48.

To trace the causes which led to that third overthrow of the monarchical power comes not within the scope of the present article. Lamartine refused to take any part in the Reform banquets, and held aloof from all plots and cliques. He says that he considered them too vague in their object; that it would have been repugnant to his nature to throw himself into a mixed opposition without a common cause, to walk in company with his opponents to some unknown goal. He was not prepared to go to the extreme lengths of the parties by whom these demonstrations were organized. Although he regarded a Republic as the desirable and inevitable development of free institutions, he was averse to violence, and would have preferred that representative royalty, provided it respected liberty, should continue, to use his own words, "during a sufficient length of time to enable it to achieve its work of preparation and transfer."

On the 19th of February the ministry declare from the tribune their firm determination to put down, by force if necessary, the great Paris banquet, which is appointed to take place upon the following day. Carried away by excitement, Lamartine, who, while disapproving "of the system of agitation pursued in the banquets, could not tolerate the humiliation of a submission dishonourable to liberal opinion," makes a violent and threatening speech, which at once compromises him to the revolutionary party. By daybreak the next morning every approach to the capital is lined with soldiers. An accident brings about an *émeute*, and within a few hours the King has abdicated and fled from Paris.

Shall there be a Regency under the Duchesse d'Orléans, or shall a Republic be proclaimed? is the now all-important question. Lamartine decides the point in a most powerful and eloquent speech. "I have no preference for this or that form of government," he says. "All that I wish is, that the forms, whatever

\* To France he would have given Syria, to England Egypt, to Russia Constantinople.

they may be, should be progressive, and that they should ever keep neither in advance nor in arrear of the foremost rank of the people, but at the exact level of the ideas and instincts of the age." He goes on to show that neither the great proprietary body, which is devoted to Henry the Fifth, nor the middle classes, whose interests will be imperilled during the long stormy years of the minority, nor the masses, who are opposed to all royalty, will give the Regency any cordial support. "It will be the people's Fronde, containing popular Communist and Socialist elements in combination. Society, defended only by a government of scanty numbers, will be overthrown to its very foundation, without a chance of defence. The people, tranquillized, perhaps, this evening by the declaration of a regency, will return to the assault to-morrow to snatch a fresh concession. You will only have enough left of the throne to irritate the sentiments of liberty, and not enough to restrain them."

Such were some of the cogent reasons which he urged in favour of a republic as opposed to a regency. The republic is proclaimed amidst the frantic enthusiasm of the dense crowd which fills the Chamber, and Lamartine becomes the mob-god for an hour.

But while these debates are going on within all without is anarchy and disorder. In a few hours law, order, government, society, have crumbled to atoms and fallen into chaos. The streets are filled with thousands of savage triumphant insurgents, blood has been spilt already, and the taste is maddening them for more. Socialist, Communist, Red Republican demagogues, are everywhere rousing the passions of the silly herd to delirium, urging them on to massacre and universal destruction. Under their influence furious masses invade the Chamber, interrupting the council with furious cries, and, ravening for murder, point their guns at the very men who are pleading for the Republic.

The first necessity is to form a provisional government, and after a brief consultation, in the midst of deafening uproar, the names of the new ministers are proclaimed. They are, Dupont de l'Eure, Lamartine, Arago, Marie, Garnier Pagès, Ledru Rollin, Cremieux—and Louis Blanc as one of the secretaries. Each man chosen represents some particular shade of public opinion, and the announcement of each name is received

with enthusiastic cheers by its particular followers.

The self-appointed Government at once proceed to the Hôtel de Ville through the raging sea of people, beneath a canopy of pikes, rusty muskets, swords, bayonets fastened upon long poles, cutlasses, daggers, brandished by arms scorched with powder and stained with blood, amidst hideous scowling faces mad with fury, amidst acclamations, threats, murmurs. As many of these terrorists as can find space follow them into the Council Chamber, leap upon the seats with frenzied yells, calling for massacre and extermination. In vain do the ministers entreat for silence to consult together; each moment the din increases. As quickly as, with fair words, they rid themselves of one mob, another takes its place from the streets below, incited on by the Red Republican leaders, who are furious at the thought of the restoration of order. Cries of "Death to Lamartine! Lamartine's head!" resound on all sides, although a few hours before he had been hailed by these very people as their chosen champion. Unarmed, undaunted, he stands before them, addresses them, and presently by his eloquence converts their fury to applause, sometimes even to tears. Scarcely has he returned to his colleagues when a new surge is cast up by the foul demagogues, and again he has to speak, to calm, to subdue. And so it goes on for hours until his clothes are torn to ribbons, until his voice becomes almost inarticulate, until he is almost prostrate with fatigue.

At last even the insurgents grow weary, and slowly disperse. At four in the morning, after sixty hours' toil, he goes home to seek a little rest; as he wends his way through the silent streets, past the scattered watch-fires, beside which repose sleeping groups, he meets knots of four or five men wearing caps edged with red, and red ribbons in their button-holes, talking earnestly together. These men are the leaders of the Reds. These signs augur ill for the morrow.

The auguries are fully realized. By dawn the next morning an enormous multitude gathers upon the square and quays of the Hôtel de Ville as far as the Bastille; red flags, made of any materials they could lay hands upon, wave above their heads, and each one wears fastened upon his dress some fragment of the same colour. Ragged, attenuated-looking creatures, mad with drink, brandish-

ing weapons and blindly slashing at friend and foe, demand that the tricolour shall be pulled down, and the red banner hoisted in its place as the ensign of the Government. In spite of the numbers and fury of the mob, which threatens instant death to all who shall oppose its will — in spite of the sympathy of several of his colleagues and the timidity of others — Lamartine firmly refuses to accept that emblem of anarchy, and with the tricolour waving above his bare head calmly faces the insurgents; he is greeted with wolfish howls, but he will be heard, and again his eloquence subdues the savages. But, alas! they retire only to give way to others yet more furious. Shots are fired; deafening cries of "*A la lanterne* with this Government of traitors!" resound on all sides. Mounted upon a broken chair, surrounded by a few faithful citizens, he in vain attempts to make himself heard. Muskets are levelled at him. Eight or ten ruffians, mad with brandy, rush towards the group, blindly dashing about their naked weapons, which the courageous citizens grasp in bundles like sheaves of corn; their swords graze his hand — another moment and he will fall, pierced by scores of weapons. Suddenly there springs from the crowd a mendicant of colossal stature; he is clothed in rags; his feet, arms, head, and chest, are bare; his long hair, matted with straw and dust, floats on both sides his face; his eyes are moistened with tenderness and luminous with enthusiasm; his face is stained with blood which still flows from a wound in his cheek; he stretches out his arms towards the orator, calls him the father of the people. "Let me kiss his hand!" he cries. "Oh, listen to him! follow his counsels! Strike me, but do not injure him! A thousand times will I meet death to preserve this good citizen to my country!" He rushes to him, clasps him in his arms, covering him with his blood.

It is the turning-point of the revolution; the impulsive Parisians are awed, subdued by this strange scene; Lamartine's eloquence completes the effect. He says himself that to this mendicant he was indebted for his life, and France for her banner. He never learned his name, never saw him again from that hour.

Order now begins to be slowly re-established, thanks chiefly to the Garde Mobile. The establishment of this force was due solely to Lamartine. One of the most dangerous elements of the mob was

the youthful vagabondage of Paris, boys from twelve to twenty years of age. While reflecting upon this danger, it suddenly occurred to him that it might be converted into an element of safety. Obtaining the consent of his colleagues, he at once issued a decree ordering the enrolment of twenty-five thousand of these youths into a Garde Mobile. The youth themselves embraced the idea with enthusiasm. "It was destined," he says, "to save Paris from disorder during four months, and to preserve society in safety during the fifth month of its existence."

In the Constituent Assembly ten departments elected Lamartine as their representative. He was one of the five members of the Executive Commission, and during several months was enormously popular; but the vigorous part he took in suppressing the insurrections of April and May lost him the favour of the mob, turned the Assembly against him, and placed the supreme power in the hands of Cavaignac. He was afterwards nominated for the Presidency, which honour (?), however, after mature deliberation, he had determined to decline, even before he was aware that only a comparatively few votes had been recorded in his favour. With the *coup d'état* of 1851 ended his political career. Louis Napoleon once made secret overtures to him to join his Government, but he refused.

Although he was too much imbued with Optimist and Utopian theories to be a practical statesman, France owes a deep debt of gratitude to the memory of Lamartine; but for his energy and heroic courage the Revolution of 1848 would probably have rivalled in horror its predecessor of '89; the Reds would have triumphed, and a second Reign of Terror would have devastated the land. To him, and to him alone, Paris — France — owed its safety.

The remainder of his life was devoted entirely to literary pursuits. In 1849 appeared his "History of the Revolution of 1848," one of his finest compositions, and a really valuable historical record of the events in which he played a foremost part. The authenticity of the narrative, except in a few minor points, has been fully confirmed by contemporary evidence. In the same year also appeared "*Les Confidences*," a series of glimpses of his earlier life. The "History of the Restoration," the "History of Turkey," and his novels "*Geneviève*," "*Raphael*," "*Le Tailleur de pierre de Saint-Point*," &c., followed in rapid succession.

He was an indefatigable worker, and wrote with great rapidity. Dumas *fil*s relates that he arrived at his residence at Saint-Point one morning before eight o'clock; he found him in a little pavilion in the park, writing hard at the "Girondistes." Picking up the leaves that lay scattered about, he counted them; there were forty-five, the work of that morning. He never re-read his MS.; as fast as each leaf was written it was cast upon the floor, frequently unnumbered; from hour to hour his wife came in, quietly gathered the leaves, put them in order, and corrected them.

In 1863 Madame de Lamartine died, and thus he was left wifeless and childless.

For some time previous to his death his health was prostrated by paralysis. But at the beginning of the year 1869 his friends could perceive that the end was coming fast. It came on the 28th of February.

Slowly he passed away, without a murmur, and with a smile upon his lips. His attendants could not say when his soul took flight. It was some time afterwards that this silence, which each moment grew deeper, struck fear to the heart of the watchers. "He is no more!" said one. No one replied. All knew it already.

The Emperor decreed a state funeral at the national expense, but his last wish being that he should be carried to the grave without pomp or cortège, the idea was abandoned. He was buried at Saint-Point, in the vault with his beloved mother.

His friend Ulbach thus describes the funeral:

Imagine a whole country in mourning. Nature veiled with snow, as if a bright and virginal decoration were necessary to the poet of chaste loves. A special service was celebrated in the Church of Mâcon, then a procession across seven leagues of country. At each league it was met by deputations of the communes, and of the clergy of each parish, who brought tributes of prayer and benedictions for the soul of him who had done as much for the poor as he had given gratification to the intellectual. . . . How many were we in all? Perhaps two thousand. All friends of happy years came to salute this house of Saint-Point, now closed forever. All whom that great genius, so familiar to all, had smiled upon came to bid a last adieu to that extinguished breath, that departed soul.

The character of Lamartine, with all its virtues and all its faults, is revealed in

the history of his life. As a statesman he must rank very low, being simply a theorist; but his errors were those of a noble mind filled to overflowing with pity for the suffering and the oppressed. As a writer he stands in the foremost rank of French authors. His style is glowing and picturesque, his powers of description are marvellous, his poetry is the most *poetical* in the French language, of all her writers he has the most *soul*; as a story teller no one is more charming; his faults are a strong tendency to the inflated and the exaggerated, to a morbid sentimentalism which too frequently sinks into bathos and emasculation. He is, above all others, the poet of women.

Like all Frenchmen, intense egotism was one of the prominent errors of his character. This fault was redeemed, however, by so many noble and shining qualities, that it almost disappears in their lustre. He was the soul of honour, the bravest of the brave, the most generous of men. Pages could be filled with anecdotes of his gentleness of heart and boundless charity. The emoluments which he derived as a member of the Provisional Government he distributed freely and unasked among the poor authors of Paris, and the letters which accompanied these gifts doubled the obligation. Sunday, his only holiday, was devoted to charity; his doors were open to all who suffered, who were in want. All who came, whether known or unknown, he greeted with extended hand, with kindly smiles and words, to soften the bitterness and humiliation of their position. "I am dying of hunger," one day wrote laconically an unknown. "I have five hundred francs, they are yours with all my heart," wrote back Lamartine. "If I had a hundred francs I should be truly happy!" exclaimed a poor author in his presence. "Here are a thousand," answered Lamartine, giving him the money. Only the revenues of a prince could sustain such munificence. For years before his death he was overwhelmed with debts, and reduced to comparative indigence; but the divine impulse of charity remained as active as ever. He was saving up to buy himself a little pony-chaise to take the air in; he had gathered just a thousand francs, when a poor woman who lived in the neighbourhood came to him with a piteous tale: her goods had been seized by a hard-hearted creditor, and homeless destitution stared her in the face. "How much do you require?" he



asked. "A thousand francs," was the answer. There was a momentary struggle, and then he went away, fetched his little hoard, and placed it in her hand.

The man who could do these deeds was a CHRISTIAN. No higher nor rarer praise can be bestowed upon him, for generations frequently pass away without producing one such.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

CHAPTER XV.

VAL had grown to be sixteen, tall and strong, towering far above the old lord, and even above his father, who had made another visit to Eskside, and had seen his son, and regarded him with more approval than he did when Val was seven years old. The older he grew, however, the less the boy resembled Richard, whose features, settling into middle age, no longer even resembled themselves — a thing which few people took into consideration. Many persons in the county expressed their surprise, indeed, on seeing them together, how they could ever have supposed Valentine to be like his father — without in the least perceiving that the Honourable Richard Ross, who was Secretary of Legation in Florence, and had every chance of rising to the post of Ambassador the very next time that a wave of promotion came, was almost more unlike young Dick Ross, Lady Eskside's fair-haired boy. But Richard himself was very civil to his son, and inquired after his studies, and recounted his own Eton experiences, and volunteered advice about Oxford in a way which gratified all the family. The interview between the father and son was perfectly polite and civil, though, on Val's side at least, there was little warm feeling; but both took from this meeting a sentiment of satisfaction, not to say something like pride in each other. Valentine on his side perceived his father's easy superiority in culture and knowledge of the world to the rural magnates who formed society at Eskside, with a sense of increased consequence which is always agreeable; while Richard looked upon the handsome bold boy, the soft oval of whose boyish face was yet unmarred by any manly growth on lip or cheek, with a curious mingled feeling of pride in this being who belonged to himself, and repugnance to the

creature who recalled so strongly another image most unlike his own. Valentine possessed in a high degree that air of distinction which does not always accompany, as it ought, the highest birth. Beside him Lord Hightowers was as a ploughman, clumsy-footed, heavy-mannered, the very embodiment of the common in opposition to the refined. How did this come about? "Val is very like the picture of your grandfather — the Raeburn, as you call it; though it would be more respectful to say the tenth lord," Lady Eskside said, with a slight faltering. "To be a Raeburn is some distinction, but the tenth lord was nobody in particular," said the *dilettante*, ignoring the subject of the likeness. For, indeed, as he developed, Valentine was the handsomest Ross that had been seen on Eskside for generations, though the dark curls pushed off his bold forehead, and his great liquid eyes full of light, and his form, which was all spring and grace and elasticity, represented another race altogether than the lords of Eskside.

This was his age and this his appearance in the summer after his sixteenth birthday, when there happened to Val an encounter which affected all his future life, little as he thought of any such result. It was the middle of June, the height of the "summer half," that period of perfect blessedness to young Eton, a delicious evening "after six," when all the nine hundred boys that form the community were out and about in full enjoyment of their most perfect moment of leisure. The sun was setting up the river in purple and crimson, building a broad pathway as of molten gold, a celestial bridge up to the summer heavens, over the gleaming water; the banks were gorgeous with summer flowers, thickets of the gay willow-herb, and yellow toad-flax, and great plumy feathers of the meadow-queen glowing in the evening light — the soft green of scattered willow-trees drooping above — and long beds of the tenderest blue forget-me-not dipping in and out of the stream. As if these did not supply colour enough, the whole breadth of the river was aglow with reflected beams from the sky, soft yellow, crimson, orange — great rosy clouds deepening into purple, and a soft vague vault of blue above with specks of tinted cloud, like scattered roses. The river was alive with boats. A little farther up at Athens, the bathing-place, it was alive with something else — with shoals of boys bathing, plunging in and out,

and peopling the shining stream with bobbing heads, and white shoulders, as plentiful as fishes and as much at their ease in the element, but using their human privilege of laughter to turn the spot into a Babel of noisy sweetness — noise which the charmed summer air took all roughness out of, and made soft by magic. Val in his outrigger was lower down the stream, not much above the spot where the railway bridge does all that modern ugliness can to reduce nature to its own level. The boy was not thinking much about the beauty of the scene, yet he felt it, having a mind curiously open to all out-door influences; and this it was which had arrested his course in mid stream, just where he could see the glorious mass of the castle rising from the green foliage of the slopes, and the clustered red roofs of the homely town. The sunset threw its fullest radiance upon this wonderful termination of the landscape, which seemed, from where Val contemplated it, to stand across the stream, the light whitening here and there a window, and a golden haze of warmth and mellow distance enveloping the grey walls, the pinnacles of St. George's, the picturesque broken outline of the Curfew tower. The animated foreground was full of boats — dragon-fly outriggers like his own, poising their long out-stretched wings over the water, "tubs" full of laughing boys — and through the midst of all, the glorious vision of the Eight, with a well-known stalwart figure, as big as the boat in which he stood, steering the slim craft as it flew, and shouting stentorian correction and reproof to No. 4 and No. 7 — for was not Henley in prospect, with all its chances of loss or triumph? Val withdrew towards the bank with a few strokes of his long oars, to get out of the way of that leviathan. As he stayed his boat again, with the sweetness of the evening, the light, the colour, the gay medley of sound floating in happy confusion into his mind — a gig, stumbling down stream in the hands of three or four laughing urchins, totally indifferent to the chances of a ducking, came suddenly foul of Val's boat, tossing his oar out of his hand, and upsetting him from his precarious vessel in a moment. Let not the gentle reader be dismayed; there was neither fright nor rarity in the accident, nor the slightest occasion for the blue-coated waterman, with the Eton lilies on his silver buttons, who stood in a punt at some distance with uplifted poles, relieved against

the sunset sky, to hasten to the rescue. "Awfully sorry," said all the small boys, rather envying Val the delight of being swamped; they were fresh and wet themselves from bathing, and would have liked nothing better than to swamp too. As for Valentine, he swam to the bank, which was close by, pulling his slim bark after him. He had as little clothing upon his handsome person as decency permitted — a white jersey, thin as a spider's web, and white trousers turned up almost to the knee. So he was neither harmed nor alarmed, and might have walked back to the "rafts" and left his boat to be carried down by the stream without concerning himself about it, or seeking help to right it, had not his Fate commanded otherwise. But he had arrived at one of those moments in life, when Fate, potent and visible, except to the actors in the drama, does intervene.

It was, as I have said, the middle of June. Ascot races were lately over, and the roads, as careful housekeepers in lonely places knew but too well, were encumbered with "tramps," making their way from that great central event of their year, to the lesser incidents of country fairs and provincial races. Many of these wandering parties were about, — so many, that they had ceased to be much remarked by quiet wayfarers. And, indeed, the poor tramps were quiet enough; — weatherbeaten groups, women with children in their weary arms, men with fur caps and knotted handkerchiefs, and those specimens of the doggish race which have vagrant written in every hair of their shabby coats, as it is inscribed in the hard brown lines, drawn tight by exposure to the weather, of their masters' faces. Two of these tramps were seated on a log of wood, resting, just opposite the spot where Valentine's boat had swamped. These were a woman and a boy, more decent than the majority of their kind, though noway separated from it in appearance. The woman looked over forty, but was not so old. She was seated, with her hands crossed listlessly in her lap, holding a little bundle in a coloured handkerchief; her dress was a dark cotton gown and a shawl, with an old-fashioned bonnet which came quite round the face, enclosing it like a frame — a fashion which no longer finds favour among women. This dark circle round her face identified it, and called the passenger's attention; and a more remarkable face has seldom caught and arrested the careless eye. I saw her about this

time, seated on a bank in a leafy country road, with the light interlacing of shadow and sunshine on her; and as it was her aspect and looks which moved me to collect all these particulars, and trace out her history, and that of her children, I can speak still more distinctly of how she looked to me, than of her first appearance to Val. Complexion she had none. Her skin was burnt a kind of brick-dust colour, red-brown, and it was roughened by the exposure of years; her black hair was smoothed away on her forehead, leaving only a little rim visible between the brow and the bonnet. Her features were beautiful, but only struck the spectator when he had looked at her more than once, the roughness of her aspect and colouring seeming to throw a veil upon their beauty of form. But it was her eyes and expression which were most remarkable, and fascinated the wondering glance. She looked like Silence personified — her lips shut close, as if they could not open, and an air of strange abstraction from the immediate scene enveloping and removing her from its common occurrences. The circles round her eyes were wide and large, and out of those worn sockets looked two great wistful eyes, always looking, never seeing anything — eyes unfathomable, which were full of solemn expression, yet told you nothing, except that there was much to tell. In her way the beauty of the night had entered into her inarticulate soul; but I do not think she was aware of any of the details that made it up — and she had not even noticed the incident of the swamping when Valentine's light, well-strung figure scrambled up the bank. "Here, you!" cried Val to the boy by her side, with the ready ease of one accustomed to command to one accustomed to obey — "lend us a hand, will you, to empty the boat?"

The boy, who had been seated by the woman's side, rose at the call with ready reply to the demand upon him. He had the corresponding habit to Valentine's — the habit of hearing when he was called to, of doing what he was told to do. He had done everything to which a vagrant lad is bred — held horses, run errands, executed a hundred odd jobs; and it did not occur to him to withhold the help by which sixpences were earned and bread gained, from any one who demanded it. "Here you are, sir," he answered, cheerily. He was about the same age as Valentine, but not so tall nor so finely made — a fair-haired, sunny-

facéd lad, looking clean and ruddy, despite of dust and weariness, and the rough tramp costume, blue-spotted handkerchief, and nondescript jacket which he wore. He and his mother had been seated there together for some time past, not speaking to each other — for vagrants generally are a silent race. She did not stir even now, when he rose from her side. To have him called casually by whomsoever wanted help, and to see him obey, was habitual to her also. Val and the young tramp worked together in silence at the righting of the boat: they pulled it up on the bank, and turned it over, and set it afloat again. Then, however, Val changed his first intention. "I say," he began, half meditatively, "have you time to take her down to Goodman's? no, you mustn't get in, you can tow her down; and if you'll come to me to-morrow morning I'll pay you. I'm Ross, at Grinder's. Do you know Grinder's? well, anybody will tell you. You can come after ten to-morrow, and tell old Goodman it's Ross's boat."

"Yes, sir, I'll see to it," said the boy blithely, touching his cap. He looked up with his fair frank face to Val's, and the two lads "took a liking" to each other on the spot. Val had made a step or two down the bank, then came back. "What are you?" he said; "do you live here? I never saw you on the river before."

"Mother and I are going to stop all night," said the lad; "we're last from Ascot; I ain't got a trade, but just does odd jobs. No, I never was on the river before."

Upon which a sudden warmth of patronage and lordly benevolence came to Valentine's bosom. "If you stay here I'll give you what odd jobs I can. What's your name? I like the looks of you," said lordly Val.

"Dick Brown, sir; thank you, sir," said the lad, with grateful kindness. He had no pride to be wounded by this brusque address, but took it in perfectly good part, and was gratified by the good impression he had made. He had tied a piece of string, which he brought from his own pocket, to the sharp prow of the boat, and was preparing to tow it down stream. But he stopped as Val stopped, still dripping, his wet shirt fitting to his fine, well-developed form like a glove. The other had none of Val's physical advantages of education, any more than the mental. He was as ignorant of how to hold himself as how to make Latin verses; and had he got into the outrig-

ger, as he at first proposed, would have been by this time at the bottom of the river. He admired his handsome young patron with an innocent open-hearted pleasure in the sight of him, feeling him a hundred miles removed from and above himself.

"Very well," said Val; "you come to me to-morrow at Grinder's. If you stay we'll find you plenty to do."

Then he turned, bethinking himself of his wet clothes, which began to get chilly, and, with an amicable wave of his hand, stepped out along the road; but even then he paused again, and turned back to call out, "Remember, Ross, at Grinder's," and with another nod disappeared. The woman behind had not been attending to the colloquy. She roused up suddenly at these last words, and looked after the boy, with her eyes lighting up strangely. "What did he say?" she asked, in a half whisper, rising quickly and coming to her son's side; "what was that name he said?"

"His own name, mother," said the smiling lad. "I am to go to him at ten to-morrow. He's one of the college gentlemen. He says he likes the looks of me, and I shouldn't wonder if he'd help me to a job."

"What was his name?" repeated the woman, grasping her son's arm impatiently. He took it with perfect calm, being accustomed to her moods.

"Come along, mother, I've to take the boat down to the raft; Ross, at Grinder's. I wonder where's Grinder's. He's Ross, I suppose."

The woman stood with her hand on his arm, looking after the other figure which withdrew into the distance through the soft air, still tinted with all the rosy lights of sunset. The young athlete, all dripping in his scanty clothing, was joined by an admiring train as he went on; he was popular and well known, and his loyal followers worshipped him as much in this momentary eclipse as if he had done something famous. The tramp woman was roused out of all the abstraction with which she had sat, oblivious of Valentine's closer presence, gazing vaguely at the sky and the river. Her eyes followed him with a hungry eagerness, devouring the space between; a slight nervous trembling ran through her frame.

"I wish I had seen him nigh at hand," she said, with a sigh; "it's my luck, always my luck."

"Come along and you'll see him still

if you want to," said the lad; "I know what them swells do. They go down to the rafts and takes off their wet things, and puts on their coats and chimney-pots. He's a good un to look at, I can tell you; but you never see nothing that's under your nose, mother. You get curious-like when anything's past."

"Don't stand talking," said the woman, with a tremulous impatience, "but come on."

Dick obeyed promptly; but it is not so easy to walk quickly, towing a troublesome outrigger with its projecting rowlocks, when there is no one in it to guide its course along the inequalities of the bank. The woman bore this delay with nervous self-restraint as long as she could, then telling him she would wait for him, pursued her way rapidly alone to the rafts, which were crowded by boys arriving and departing in every possible stage of undress. She waited wistfully at the gate, not venturing to enter the railed-off enclosure, which was sacred to the boats and "the gentlemen;" and when Val issued forth in his "change" coat, which was a brilliant garment in coloured strips, she did not recognize him. She stood there in tremulous and passionate agitation—suppressed, it is true, but intense—gazing wistfully at the crowds of moving figures, all bearing that resemblance to each other which boys undergoing the same training and wearing the same dress so often do. She could not identify any one, and she was growing sick and faint with weariness, and with the beating of her heart.

"Here I am, mother; did you see him?" said Dick, appearing at last, tired but pleased, with his awkward charge.

"How was I to know him?" she asked, sharply; "I did not see his face. As to who he is, Dick, it's a name I once knew. I wish I had seen him; but it's my luck, always my luck."

"I'll ask all about him, mother," said the cheery boy; but while he was gone to deposit the boat, some other members of their wandering class joined the woman, and distracted, or did their best to distract, her attention. With them she made a long round by the bridge to the Windsor side—(there was a ferry, but pennies are pennies, and were not to be lightly spent on personal ease)—and then made her way to a lodging she knew in the vagrant quarter—the Rag Fair of the little royal borough. Whatever might be the thoughts that were passing in her mind, or whatever



the anxieties within her hidden heart, she had to give her attention to the practical side of her rough life, and stopped on her way to buy some scraps of meat and some bread for her own and her son's meal. There was a common fire in the lower room of the lodging-house, at which the tramp-lodgers were allowed to cook their supper. This woman did so in her turn, like the rest; and to Dick the scraps which his mother had cooked, as well as she knew how, made a luxurious meal, taken on a corner of the rough table, with all the sounds and all the smells of Coffin Lane coming in at the open door. There was a Babel of sounds going on within in addition, each group talking according to its pleasure, and the outdoor shouting, jesting, quarrelling, coming in as chorus. Dick had not found out very much about his young patron. He told his mother that he had summited to do with a lord, but was not sure what. "But why can't we stay here a bit?" said Dick. "There aint nothing going on in the country but poor things, where we don't pick up enough to keep body and soul together; you'll see I'll make something handsome on the river, with all the odd jobs there is; and if this here young gentleman is as good as his word —"

"Did he look as if he would be as good as his word?"

"Lord bless us, how can I tell?" said Dick. "I don't read faces, nor fortunes neither, like you. He said he liked the looks of me; and so did I," the lad added, with a laugh. "I hope it'll do him a deal of good. I like the looks of him too."

And Dick went to bed in the room which he shared (under Government regulation and with great regard to the cubic feet of air—such air as is to be had in Coffin Lane) with two other rough fellows not so guiltless in their vagrancy as himself—with a cheery heart, thinking that here, perhaps, he had found foundation enough to build a life upon—a beginning to his career, if he had known such an imposing word. He was a good boy, though his previous existence had been spent among the roughest elements of society. He knelt down boldly at his bedside, and said the short half-childish prayer which he had been taught as a child, without caring in the least for his companions' jeers. Perhaps even it was more a charm against evil than a prayer; but, such as it was, the boy held by it bravely. He was exhilarated somehow, and full of hope, he could not have told

why. Something good seemed about to happen to him. I do not know what he expected Valentine to do for him, or if he expected anything definite; but he was somehow inspired and elated, he could not tell why.

His mother, for her part, sat down upon her bed and pondered, her abstract eyes fixing upon the bare whitewashed walls as solemn a gaze as that which she had fixed on the distant glow of the sunset across the river. They were not eyes which could see anything near at hand, but were always far off, watching something visionary, more true than the reality before her. She, too, had companions in her room, where there was nothing beyond the supply of bare necessities—a bed to sleep on, nothing more. She had not Dick's happy temperament, but she was as indifferent as he was to the base surroundings of that poor and low level of life to which they were accustomed; but somehow, in her mind too, various new thoughts, or rather old thoughts, which were new by reason of long disuse, were surging up whether she would or not. Perhaps it was the sound of the name which she had not heard for years. Ross. It was not a very uncommon name; but yet, when this poor creature began to think who the boy whom she had seen might be—and to wonder with quick-beating pulses whether it was so—these thoughts were enough to fill her heart with such wild throbs and bursts of feeling as had not stirred it for many years.

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### SOME OLD-FASHIONED PARSONS.

To revisit, after the lapse of many years, scenes which formed the principal background in early life, is at best a doubtful pleasure. It is true, the tints which at such a time break and shift across the mental vision are not wholly dark, and the sensations need not, at least in every case, be wholly painful. We learn at any rate that the true old days still belong to ourselves, and are not, as we may have been apt to imagine, more closely connected with the old home scenes than with our own hearts and memories. Yet, after all, the impressions are so complicated—the blanks are so distinct—the absence of the "old familiar faces" makes itself so strongly felt, that the pain of such a visit may,



many a time and oft, far exceed its pleasure. Whenever, in poetry or in fiction, we find this natural mixture of feeling strongly brought home to us, we may be quite sure that we are in the hands of a master. Towards the end of *Rob Roy*, for instance, we are carried once more over the hunting field, where in the beginning of the story, the hero first encounters Diana Vernon and her cousin. Sir Hildebrand and his sons are dead. Diana herself is a fugitive. All is sadness and solitude; and we are made to feel the change almost as sharply and as painfully as Frank Osbaldistone himself.

These observations have been suggested by an accidental visit to a Devonshire rectory, unhehld, save in the mind's eye, for a stretch of at least five and thirty years. The change and destruction of this most brisk of ages are finding their way even into Devonshire. High farming—which, whatever else it means, certainly implies general ugliness, and odours—

Abominable, unutterable, and worse  
Than poet e'er conceived or fancy feigned,

is creeping westward. Old hedgerows, branching oaks, and elms "star proof" are year by year falling before it. Venerable farm-houses, gabled and lichen-tinted, are giving place to structures as square and uncompromising as a factory, and sometimes as pretentious as an alderman's villa; and the quietest river valley is not safe from an invading railway. But there are still corners of the land—"happy valleys" or "sleepy hollows" (the reader may choose for himself)—which remain much as they were a hundred—two or three hundred—years ago. The steep Devonshire hill-sides, where carts were unknown almost within living memory, oppose themselves more seriously to modern innovation than the levels of Bedfordshire or Northampton; and there is still to be found, if only you look in the right direction, the sturdy franklin's house of Elizabeth's days, with its granite porch, its narrow, mullioned windows, its barns and outbuildings overshadowed by ash trees and sycamores as old as themselves, and its circle of home fields and pastures unaltered since their master kept watch for the coming of the Armada by the beacon on the hill above them. The rectory, at which we have at last arrived, belongs to a later time; but, as yet, is just as unconscious of the spoiler, although it is not so far removed from the bustle of the world but that the

scream of the engine now and then breaks the silence of its garden paths. The house and the quiet old church beside it have, so far, escaped the restorer, and the scene, looking down upon it from the side of the Dartmoor tor that gives name to the parish, is the same as it was half a century ago. The house was built by a wealthy rector early in the reign of Queen Anne. Elsewhere it would have been of red brick. Here it is of the native moor stone, cut in small square blocks, and tinted by time and weather as variously as the granite of the tors themselves. Here and there, above and below the windows, are dates and initials; and over the main entrance is a shield of arms which must have cost the sculptor no small labour, and probably, since the granite is unusually hard, spoiled both his temper and his tools. The building is long and low. On one side a small-leaved ivy has matted the wall thickly, and has crept upward to the top of the chimneys; part of the front is covered by an enormous sweet briar; and a mountain ash, planted, according to the tradition of the place, on the day which saw the foundation stone laid, has spread upward so vigorously that its scarlet clusters overhang the roofs, and seem as much a part of the general design as the shield of arms or the carved letters. Sycamores, "oft musical with bees," each tree a hill of leaves, rise between the house and the churchyard; and the church tower with its lofty pinnacles is not so far removed but that it seems to watch over the dwelling, and to connect it with the church itself. In front, and sloping towards a clear, rapid hill-stream, here sparkling in the sun, there hidden among thickets of hazel and holly, extends an old English garden, for which it would not be easy to find a fellow. Formal, with straight walks and yew hedges, walled on either side, and descending in terraces, it is exactly such a garden as Walpole in one of his letters describes as "comfortable;" warm, sunny, and sheltered, with a wealth of old-fashioned flowers, the favourites of our forefathers, and therefore far richer in poetry and pleasant association than the new comers for whom we have exchanged them. The walls are tufted with snapdragon and red valerian. Great clusters of narcissus, of pæony, of grey Maltese lilies, of golden rod, and of Michaelmas daisy, border the main walk, and light up the garden, each flower in its due season. The June roses, although not one of our modern treasures

is present, are neither less bright nor less fragrant. The grand old "cabbage," the pure "unique," the "blush," and the "damask," can hold their own against most comers. And as for clove pinks, carnations, or picotees, they are nowhere to be seen in perfection, save in such an old-world, unimproved garden.

This is the scene on which you look down from the hill, or which, backed by the granite-strewn hill itself, lies before you as you wander by the riverside. Without, nothing is changed. Within, the walls are still the same, and the rooms as of old; but for the life which filled them forty years ago we must draw on our memory. They are panelled with oak, to which time is given a rich brown tinge like the outer skin of a horse-chestnut. No paint has touched them, and no "gilded beam" stretches across the ceilings. Dutch tiles, with wonderful presentations of Scriptural personages, line the fire-places; and broad, narrow-paned windows look out toward the gardens. In the days to which we are looking back, it was difficult to say whether the drawing-room or the study was the more delightful. The latter, like Mrs. Bethune Balfour's special apartment, was a place to make the studious idle, and the idle studious. There were shelves well laden with many a rare volume —

Those Aldus printed, those Du Suëil has bound;

there were others on which were ranged sundry antique relics, brought to light from the Dartmoor mosses, or from the recesses of cairns and tumuli — true and unquestioned relics, since they had been gathered before the days of Flint Jacks and fashionable archæology. One cabinet was devoted to a botanical collection, the result of wanderings not only in Devonshire, but in many a little known (in those days at least) corner of England; another was filled with careful architectural and antiquarian drawings, made during similar expeditions. One or two family portraits, and a very stiff full-length of the young Pretender in a Highland dress, hung on the walls, the latter indicating what the leaning of the rector's family had been in bygone days. Indeed a shadow of the forty-five seemed to hang about the rector himself; for he had himself known more than one of those who had been "out" in that eventful year, and could tell some curious stories of the agitation in certain West Country manor houses, as the news

of the prince's advance reached them, with all sorts of exaggerations; and about the Jacobite Earl of Cromarty, who, after his pardon, lived for some time in the old house of Northcote, near Honiton. The room, as far as it went, gave a tolerable notion of the tastes and character of its owner. But it did not go very far. The kindness, the learning, the quaint, old-world turns of thought and of speech, the wide, practical knowledge of men as well as of books, the gentle readiness with which the most important work was dropped, and the intruder warmly welcomed, — all that made up the picture still unfaded in the hearts of those who knew and loved the rector, could only be gathered after long and familiar intercourse with him who had made the room what it was. He might have sat, though with some finer lines untraced by the artist, for Præd's portrait of "Quince the Vicar;" and indeed the rectory does not lie so far from Teignmouth but that some part of the description may have been actually sketched from him. After all, what gave him his very marked individuality was the manner in which he seemed to bring the fashions and phrases of a past generation, almost of a past age, into contact with these modern days of bustling restlessness. When he set out on his yearly tour he did not trust himself to any public conveyance, not even to the well-horsed coaches, which long before he reached his grand climacteric had become famous throughout the country. A sturdy cob conveyed himself and his valise; and the deep gambadoes in which he encased his nether man can have been little improved since they were first invented, as Fuller asserts, by Richard Carew of Antony, author of the *Surveyor of Cornwall*: "— whereby, whilst one rides on horseback, his legges are in a coach, clean and warme, in those dirty countries." Nor did the rector keep to smooth highways or to the ordinary deep lanes of Devonshire. He loved to trace old and forgotten paths about which lay the evidences of most ancient settlements and civilization, to follow the broken Foss-way as it ran westward from Exeter into Cornwall; or to explore, over hedge and ditch, the branch lines of the great Icenhilde, connecting the Damnonian borders with the centre and the east of Britain. In short, his manner of travelling, in the earlier years of this nineteenth century, was much the same as had been followed by Stukeley and Pennant in the days of Ramillies wigs and gold embroid-

ered waistcoats; and the range of his observations was at least as wide as theirs.

And now for the drawing-room. The rector was not married, but with him lived, and had lived from their infancy, two younger sisters, whom all the country round about knew as "the Ladies." They were the tenants of the drawing-room, no stiff-chaired, unused apartment, but always the most cheerful and sunny in the house, where "chintz, the rival of the showery bow," brightened the old-fashioned sofas and settees, where rows of delicate Sèvres graced the hanging cupboard, and where a faint perfume of dried rose leaves came at all seasons from certain tall china jars which flanked the mantelpiece. It was curious to note the manner in which the rector's character was repeated, with a due difference, in his sisters; and to observe how each had adopted, after her own fashion, certain of his favourite pursuits and fancies. Both, like him, cared for things of the past, and both recognized their romantic side; but the elder was sentimental, the younger more given to the marvellous and picturesque. The elder delighted in ballads of the Mickle school, full of lovers' sighs and tears —

Softly fall the dews of evening,  
Softly close the shades of night;  
Yonder walks the Moor Almanzor,  
Shunning every gleam of light.

She had thick manuscript volumes filled with them, and with prose stories of similar quality, copied in that "delicate Italian hand," like the wanderings of minute spiders over the page, which, according to Mrs. Radcliffe (a great favourite with the "Lady"), is the approved vehicle for embalming such matters. She "knew each dell and every alley green" for miles about the rectory; and, attired in summer in the most delicate muslin, in winter in that peculiar stuff known to our long past youth as "nankin," she would undertake long walking expeditions among the hills, always keeping a record of the miles she had accomplished, and adding up their number at the end of every year. She was the first who introduced a parasol to the district; not the lace-covered slender thing which now passes by that name, but a substantial shade with a long cane attached to it, to be held in the middle, and to serve as a walking stick. The appearance of this "little umbrella," as it was called, produced no small excitement in the West Country villages, in some of which the fashions of

a century ago still linger. "Dear Doctor Johnson," was the idol of this elder sister, who dared to approach the Colossus of literature thus familiarly. But the Doctor would have looked on her with respect; nor would he have been slow to recognize the many excellent qualities of the younger "Lady," although her mind had been by no means so carefully cultured, and was indeed in some directions eminently eccentric. She, like her brother, and in his company, was a frequent visitor to every ruined castle or abbey within her reach. For each she had a vast collection of ghost stories and romantic legends, highly ingenious, but somewhat confusing, since she had early adopted Sir Walter Scott's theory, that where no interesting story hovers about a place, nothing is so easy as to make one. But having once developed her special version, she could by no means be induced to change it, any more than to modify her peculiar views of mediæval manners and arrangements. She always insisted on conveying her guests by a steep and broken staircase to the top of one of the towers at Berry Pomeroy, where she would describe a narrow overhanging platform, some sixty feet from the ground, as the bowling green on which the lords of the castle and their retainers were wont to disport themselves. Her ghost stories were less perplexing, though perhaps equally impossible. But they are not forgotten; and some of them are still repeated by the custodians of the ruins to which they were attached. Less refined and far more plain-spoken than her sister, she contrasted strongly with her in her dress. One was always delicate and nice, with unruffled kerchief and unspotted muslins; the other was entirely careless, and not unfrequently appeared dragging after her a length of torn flounce or a yard of unripped trimming.

These were the figures — themselves long since laid to rest in the quiet churchyard adjoining the rectory, which rose to the mind's eye as clearly as when in life on revisiting their well-known home. The picture and the life they recalled, suggested at once the wonderful change which has passed over the country parsonages of England within the last half-century. This Devonshire rector belonged to a species which is almost as extinct as the megatherium or the dodo; but which nevertheless in his own days was by no means uncommon. A man of family and of easy fortune, his influence and his interests extended far beyond the

professional and parochial limits within which the modern clergyman seems to think it, for the most part, necessary to confine himself. Both he and his sisters were known far and wide; and their advice and assistance were sought at all hands, and from every corner of the country. If a garden was to be laid out, if a dairy was to be established, or if a course of reading was to be arranged for some young lady "of fashion," the "Ladies" of the rectory were at once called in. Graver matters summoned the rector into the field. No new church could be built and no old one repaired or "beautified" (the word "restoration" was unknown in those days, though not, it may be feared, all that is signified by it) without his help; for in architectural knowledge he was far in advance of his age, and there are certain granite windows, scattered throughout the district, which bear his mark as completely as a bran-new reredos or choir screen tells of Sir Gilbert Scott. If a guardian or trustee were wanted for any young heir whose property had to be watched and cared for, the rector was at once fixed upon as the fitting man; and many a graceful cottage and farm building, in the heart of deep woods or on some breezy upland, testifies not only to his zeal for the well-doing of the lands he protected, but to the refined taste with which he adapted his designs to the country, where they seem like a natural and simple outgrowth. In a circle of somewhat rough squires and squirelets, who saw little beyond their own county, and were deeply penetrated with a sense of their own importance, the quiet, dignified refinement, and the real knowledge of the rector, told largely for good, tempered as they were by the truest geniality and the sweetest of natural dispositions. It may very well be doubted whether the cassock, or the long, training coat which comes so near to it, has, or ever will have, anything like so sound an influence throughout a countryside as the rector's deep-pocketed vestment — not always, it may be said, an "inky coat," or of raven hue — and the rolls of finest cambric which surmounted and fell over it.

They are gone; and with them are gone the old church fashions and arrangements which seemed in our youth as fixed and unalterable as the British Constitution or the Tower of London. Could the rector be brought back for an hour or two, to behold the interior of a neighbouring church, where rows of choristers in

scarlet cottas execute tuneless Gregorians with distracting vigour, where embroidered banners hang from the walls over an altar blazing with candles, and where the air is heavy with the scent of hothouse flowers, it would not be easy to persuade him that he was revisiting a district so well known to him in the flesh. His own church has undergone no such tremendous alteration; but even there the hand of change is evident, and in some points, it may be confessed, for the better. The ancient village choir, with its flutes and its fiddles, has been swept away. Its pretensions were no doubt greater than its powers. The principal soprano had figured in front of the gallery for a period of nearly half a century; and her performance resembled nothing so much as that of a hen when informing the world that she had just added a fresh egg to her store. The basso profondo, thinking that there was nothing like leather, shouted to such a degree that in summer time, when the doors were open, he could be distinctly heard on the top of the opposite hill. It is not easy to describe the horror of an Italian musician, who having been detained in the neighbourhood by a coach accident, and received at the rectory, attended the church one Sunday morning, and was subjected to the usual display: —

The wedding guest, he beat his breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

"You must find Handel difficult," some one once ventured to remark to the leader of the band, when some chorus from the *Messiah* was in preparation. "Well, zur," was the reply, "he may be zo; but then, you zee, us alters 'un;" and indeed it was sometimes difficult to recognize the creation of the great *maestro* which figured by way of anthem. And yet when all is said, there was a homeliness about the whole performance which harmonized with the simple old church, through whose "unstoried" windows you could see the bees and butterflies busy among the sycamore blossoms, and with the quiet paternal teaching of the rector, whose discourses had at least the merit of being intelligible to the humblest of his congregation. But the secret of his influence lay outside his teaching. It was that of Chaucer's parish priest:

For Christës lore and hys Apostles twelve  
He taught; but first he folwed it himselfe.

The rector afforded one of the best types of those strongly marked, individual

characters which were fostered by the seclusion, almost the isolation, of the remoter parts of England, and which have disappeared as the country has gradually been opened, and a wide general intercourse rendered not only possible but necessary. Many years ago we remember being present at a gathering of North Devon parsons who had assembled in order to settle on the site for a new church. Some twelve or eighteen clergymen were there; but there was not one who did not present some marked peculiarity, or who might not have been studied with advantage by such a novelist as Miss Austen, to whose time many of them belonged. Now-a-days such an assemblage would, externally at least, be of very uniform character; and the "views" of its members would be coloured, without much distinctive shading, from the *Guardian*, the *Record*, or the *Church Times*. At that old meeting, every parson present at which has long been dead, each speaker offered an appearance, and developed sentiments, more strange and wonderful than his predecessor; and it was, at least, surprising that any sort of common decision was reached in the end. Not all of these extinct clerical types are to be regretted; but all were noticeable; and it is a pity that so many of them want the "vates sacer" who might have embalmed them for posterity. But forty years ago there was no one to write *Chronicles of Barslet*; and Mr. Trollope's gallery of parsons hardly contains an example of the peculiar generation which even then was beginning to pass away. Indeed, it was only in the remoter districts that it still lingered.

Let us journey farther up the Dartmoor stream which flows under the rectory garden, and visit a church and vicarage as remote from the ways of men as any in the country. Toward the end of a broad pastoral valley, and almost encircled by grey, granite-strewn tors, rises the lofty church tower, built, according to the tradition, by a company of tanners, in the fifteenth century, as a thank-offering for the success of their operations in the parish. Wherever it is possible to look into the valley from the high moors about it, this tower asserts itself grandly, not only giving human interest to the solitude, but suggesting that the hamlet, nestled about it, is no creation of yesterday. The country is rough and wild, with deep "cleughs" running upward into the hills, each with its dashing streamlet, and its moss-grown boulders, over-

shadowed here and there by gnarled and stunted oak-trees. And never was there a parson more completely in keeping with the district over which he presided, than the vicar of this remote parish, who, after directing its affairs for well nigh half a century, left, when he passed away some twenty years since, no easy legacy to his successors. He seemed himself as native to the soil as a block of Dartmoor granite; and, accustomed to traverse the moors at all hours and in all seasons, he had become nearly as rough and as weather-stained:

A savage wildness round him hung,  
As of a dweller out-of-doors.

No man knew Dartmoor so thoroughly. He could find his way across any moss or quaking bog in the forest, always excepting those which, in Dartmoor phrase, even a dog may not touch without falling in. His Devonshire speech was unrivalled; and with him must have passed away many an old word and old story, the value of which was all undreamt of by himself. For he was in no sense a scholar; and if he managed his parish tolerably well, and lived in harmony with its rude farmers, it was because he had made himself one of them alike in his interests and his diversions. Of the ways of the more civilized world he knew nothing; and he has been made the hero of a somewhat legendary story which represents such a primitive parson as arriving at some great country house, being received with afternoon tea, and then, since he concluded, not without some wonder, that the hospitalities of the day were over, taking shelter in his bed, whence he was roused by the clang of the eight o'clock dinner bell. But this story is as widely diffused as that of Beth Gellert, or the dog of Montargis, and wants authentication; although, if our Dartmoor friend could have been trapped into a country house on any pretence, the character of his proceedings when there could hardly have been predicted. He was more at home in a certain long, low, oak-raftered chamber in the only hostelry in his parish; where the scanty news of the countryside might be nightly exchanged; for although himself no other than a sober man, he had learned to be tolerant of those who were not so. The wedding of a relative was on one occasion celebrated at the vicarage. The guests were numerous. Healths were duly drunk in the flowing bowl; and at last the entire company set out to conduct



the bride and bridegroom across the moors to the nearest town, a distance of some fifteen miles. But few reached the proposed end of their journey. One after another dropped from his saddle among the rushes or the heather by the wayside, and the long road was marked by prostrate revellers instead of mile-stones. The bride herself on this occasion was conveyed on a pillion, a travelling convenience still to be found in some old Dartmoor farmhouses. It was this same vicar who, commenting on the Parable of the Supper, and adapting his illustrations to the experience of his hearers, remarked on the man who had married a wife, and therefore could not come — "a frivolous excuse, indeed, my friends; why, he might have brought her behind him on a pillion."

Our friend here was a skilled practical agriculturist, and knew the merits and demerits of every plot of ground within his parish; but notwithstanding his long out-of-door wanderings, he was but little of a sportsman. He did not even fish the "troutful streams" which ran past his very door. His type was a peculiar one, and he is not to be classed with those "sporting parsons" who formed so conspicuous a clerical cohort in what a certain school of Churchmen is now accustomed to call "the wretched days of the Georges." There were, perhaps, in those wretched days, very few Devonshire parsons round about Dartmoor who did not occasionally enjoy a run with the foxhounds; and some of them were the most skilled and accomplished sportsmen of their time. And it by no means follows that these clerical Nimrods entirely neglected their parishes, or that they were without sound influence on their people, and on the rough folk with whom they for the most part consorted. We are not insisting that a race of red-coated clerics would be a desirable addition to the modern hunting-field. But things were very different fifty or a hundred years ago; and many of those who, following ancient traditions, took an active part in the sports of their parishioners in the field or on the village green were not, perhaps, the less qualified for imparting such instruction as their flock was able to receive. Certainly, the type to which they belonged was one which had always existed in this country, where the parish priest was often as learned in woodcraft as the forester himself, and where my Lord Bishop or my Lord Abbot loved full well to be present at the striking of a

buck of season. And, to go back to the earlier days of Devonshire, Hooker, the uncle of the famous divine, in his history of the West Country rising of 1549, has given us a full-length picture of the old clerical sportsman — a marked contrast to the type afforded by his "judicious" nephew. This is his description of Welsh, the Vicar of St. Thomas's "without the walls" of Exeter, and one of the chief leaders of the insurgents. He had, we are told, "many good things in him. He was of no great stature, but well set and mightilie compact. He was a very good wrestler; shot well, both in the long-bow and also in the cross-bow. He handled his hand-gun and peece very well. He was a verie good woodman and a hardy, and such a one as would not give his head for the polling or his beard for the washing. He was a companion in any exercise of activitie, and of a courteous and gentle behaviour. He descended of a good honest parentage, being borne at Peneverin, in Cornwall; and yet, in this rebellion, an arch-captain and a principal doer." One cannot but regret the fate of this worthy personage, who was hanged in chains on the top of his own church tower. Hooker's picture of him seems to have early caught the eye and the fancy of Sir Walter Scott; and the priest of Shoreswood, in *Marmion* —

... who could rein  
The wildest war horse in your train,  
But then, no spearman in the hall  
Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl —

besides our friend in *Ivanhoe*, the Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, received, as Lockhart assures us, sundry touches from this character of Master Welsh. Hooker himself, opposed as he was to him, and disliking him as a follower of the "old profession," nevertheless draws his outline with some tenderness; and the very fact of his close connection with the rising would indicate that he was not without strong feeling about other things than wrestling or "shooting in the cross-bow."

The love for, and the active pursuit of, field sports does not necessarily turn a clergyman into a profane Esau, nor does it imply that he altogether neglects the serious duties of his calling. But it must be confessed that it has been frequently found in consort with other tendencies and qualities which laymen and cleric alike might just as well be without. Here, too, we are looking back on an ex-

inct type. The modern clerical advocate of so-called muscular Christianity is a product which differs as widely as possible from the ordinary sporting clergyman of three or four generations back, and which has, we may be quite sure, nothing at all in common with the more extreme developments of the species—country vicars who differed from the Squire Westerns of their day only by degrading themselves to a lower level. At present we should search altogether in vain for the original of such a man as Parson Chowne, in Mr. Blackmore's story of the *Maid of Sker*. Mr. Blackmore has there painted North Devon scenery from the life, and has marked with a delicate precision which few of his brother artists have at command, the minute, but most true and positive, differences between the Glamorganshire coast, where much of his scene is laid, and the opposite shore of Devon. Here he has given us the truth with the fidelity of a pre-Raphaelite artist. Some of his characters are also studies, not exactly from the life, but after the recollections and general traditions of the district; and, if he has somewhat enlarged their outlines, it was not because they were not sufficiently distinct, or because popular tradition had not already made them darker than the reality. But the original of Parson Chowne was precisely one of those personages who, now that the days of dragons and enchanters are no more, excite most strongly the imagination of a country neighbourhood, and about whom all manner of floating tradition is sure to gather. He has long passed away, but it will be long indeed before his deeds and his reputation are forgotten. Living in a remote, dreary corner of North Devon, in a country of plashy, desolate heaths and valleys, as unpicturesque as those of Exmoor or the Dartmoor borders are the reverse, he found himself with few neighbours of equal position, and with no companions immediately at hand save farmers whose mental condition was probably below that of their predecessors who tilled the soil (so much of it as was then in tillage) in the days of the Confessor. In such a place a student would have sunk into dreams, and an ordinary man into complete indolence. But here was a character of great strength and vigour, a powerful frame, and a mind which, without the smallest tincture of letters, was nevertheless one of great natural ability and of entire restlessness. Add to this a total want of all moral restraint, an indiffer-

ence to any welfare but his own, a fierce, revengeful temper such as never forgave an injury, real or supposed, and the profoundest contempt for the ordinary decencies of his calling, and we have very much the Parson Chowne of the novel, in essentials at any rate. The original "parson" was a master of hounds, and in this way acquired very considerable influence in the district which he hunted. Woe to the monster who trapped or killed a fox which was under the parson's protection, or within the range of his sport. If a small farmer was so much as suspected of such an enormity, no matter how much his hen-roost had suffered, some misfortune was certain to befall him before long. The parson had his special henchmen and followers, and, as they rode together by the homestead of the offender, a hint that his cornstacks looked unsafe, and might easily take fire, was pretty sure to be followed in due time by a midnight blaze and catastrophe. There were few who ventured to offend him; and if he had been disposed, like a certain worthy of Bedfordshire, in yet darker times, to arrange a cock-fight in the chancel of his church, there was probably no one who would have dared to say him nay. A resolute ignoring of authorities is pretty sure to secure a certain amount of immunity; and this parson was as regardless of his bishop as if one had been the merest stuffed "tulchan" and the other a modern Neo-Catholic. Doctor Phillpotts, the late Bishop of Exeter, who retired from no contest for want of courage, found himself, in this case, unable to open more than the first lines of attack. When he came into the diocese, "Parson Chowne" was already grey in misdoing, and strong in his contempt for the world's judgment. The Bishop encountered him on some public occasion—a Visitation or Confirmation—and, feeling that some course should be taken with such an offender, invited him to a private conference. But the parson declined. Whatever the bishop had to say might be said, he was well assured, before all the world. "Mr. So-and-so," then began the bishop, "many very strange things are said of you. I should be sorry to believe them, but reports are so general, and so much has got into the newspapers, that I cannot pass them without notice." "My lord," was the discomfiting reply, "I am glad to hear that you are unwilling to believe newspaper reports. Many strange things are said also of your lord-

ship, and I should be as sorry to believe them as you could be to believe what may be said of me."

It is pleasant to turn back again from such a happily vanished type of character as this, to the dear old rector the sight of whose quiet parsonage awoke these clerical recollections. In his company we remember to have visited—he white-haired and venerable, his companion little more than a boy—sundry Devonshire vicarages whose occupants, every one of them, afforded proof of the strong independence of mind nurtured among the solitary hills and remote moorlands. To many of their houses a visit was a serious expedition, involving long and somewhat perilous rides through rough, rocky lanes, which in winter were the beds of torrents. So remote, and so evil of access in those days, was Lustleigh, one of the most picturesque and attractive spots within the circle of the Dartmoor border. Now, a railway passes close under the shadow of its little church, where, in the porch, lies an inscribed stone of the fifth or sixth century, as yet not clearly read; and crowds of summer pilgrims sweep up over the hill toward the rocky watchtowers of Lustleigh Cleave. Then, a passing stranger was almost as rare as a white blackbird, and the vicar was left very nearly to the companionship of his hills and oak woods. This vicar was the Reverend William Davy; a man of hardly less energy in his way than Parson Chowne, and quite as well worth studying. But his energy was turned to very different account. His means were slender; his literary ambition was large. He had written, in his solitude, what he called *A System of Divinity, in a Course of Sermons on the First Institutions of Religion*; but he could find no printer or publisher to launch his production into the world. This did not daunt him. He set up a rude printing-press in his study, and gradually got about him a quantity of indifferent and damaged type. Of this he possessed enough to print two pages at once; and with untiring zeal—"arte medi," he says, "*diurno nocturnoque labore*"—he carried through the printing, between the years 1795 and 1807, of no less than twenty-six volumes, comprising the whole of his *System*. Only fourteen copies were printed, one of which is in the Bodleian Library; and it is not to be supposed that many of their pages have ever been looked on by other eyes than those of the indefatigable printer. The

book is not attractive in appearance or in matter; but it remains a monument of independent and determined labour. And Mr. Davy carried his activity into other matters than his printing. His vicarage, which was at one time occupied by a brother of the late Lord Macaulay, has undergone much change, and the garden which stretches up the steep hill-side behind it is no longer the curious "paradise" which he left it. On the terraced banks he planted and arranged box and other shrubs which might be clipped regularly, in the form of long passages from Milton and others of the elder poets; his love for "letters" breaking out again in this unwonted fashion. Here stretched along the famous address of Adam—

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty!

There lay Portia's "quality of mercy," or Prospero's "baseless fabric of a vision." The lines were worked out in some dark evergreen—box, yew, or juniper. The stops, always carefully added, were sometimes in pleasant contrast; as a patch of clover pinks for a period, or a cluster of hen and chicken daises in a semicolon. This was a gardener who dared to think for himself, and who happily had no theories of bedding out, no dread of mighty horticultural authorities, to perplex or to daunt him.

The early days of the rector were those in which ecclesiastical ritual had fallen to its lowest ebb, and in which every man did what was right in his own eyes, though with a license somewhat different from that now in fashion. We have heard of one old gentleman who, arriving late at church, explained to his congregation that he had been delayed on the way by the sweet singing of a robin; and of another who, finding the light fail him, descended from his pulpit, and entering a pew beneath a window, thence finished his afternoon discourse. The clerk invariably read the lessons; and was often so greatly puzzled by proper names and hard words that it is easy to believe the story told of one such functionary, who having once stumbled over the names of Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, declined to venture upon them again, but referred to them, on each recurrence, as the "aforesaid gentlemen." Sometimes the reader would ask for explanation of a difficult text; and a dialogue would pass between the clerk and his "maister" which might perhaps

edify the rest of the congregation, but was certainly not in accordance with "Catholic usage." The congregation in these remote village churches much resembled the rustic in Southey's *Doctor* (are they much better now?) who, when he went to church, "put his legs upon the bench, and thought of nothing." For those whose thoughts were so far active as to keep them awake and lead them into mischief, the stocks rose in awful majesty close beside the porch. It is not so many years ago since a Devonshire vicar and his wife thought it their duty to behold with their own eyes the punishment of a culprit condemned, like Hudibras, to pass the whole of Monday in the stocks, after disturbing the congregation by a tipsy brawl on Sunday.

The condition of churches in those days has been too often described to need re-picturing here. Devonshire differed little from other counties. Whitewash and vast pews; at the east end, representations, more or less lively, of Moses and Aaron, and at the west, the singing loft with its curtains carefully drawn during the performance; all this reigned supreme; and was only varied by the exceptional taste of some ambitious churchwarden who, as in one case, might cover the east window with a transparency representing King George upon his throne, or, as in another, might arrange it with a blind and red curtains draped on either side. We have changed all that. But is it quite so certain that in the elaborate restorations which have converted many a village church into a shrine of modern art, we have not missed a certain simple, homely element, which, grotesque as it appears in these later beautifications, is nevertheless to be traced throughout the work of those periods which we are accustomed to regard as affording our best models? Ancient wood carving—roof bosses, stall work, underside brackets—is full of it. The painted panels of some choir screens display figures which, to those who beheld them in their original freshness, must have directly suggested the most familiar objects of daily life—Gideon in armour like that hanging in the neighbouring hall; Our Lady in such a robe and curious head-tire as might be worn at church by the chief dame of the parish; Pharaoh in a dress furmed with marten skins, such as Holbein bestows on Sir Thomas More; and his chief baker with a white apron and a basket on his head full of pies and all manner of baked

meats for his master. All these figures, and many of the same character, were to be found on a screen of a certain Devonshire church which in the course of its "restoration" has swept them quite away. It may be admitted that it would be no easy matter to reconcile such old-world simplicity with modern feeling. We are not recommending, at least not without becoming modification, such a representation of the Prodigal Son and his story as used not so long ago to be found on many a cottage wall, where in one compartment a housemaid from an upper window waves her handkerchief to the departing youth, and in another the feast on his return is in high celebration, and a portly clergyman, in gown and bands, is helping himself to wine from a full decanter. Perhaps too, the perception of high art had not been thoroughly developed in that old lady who, after gazing long and reverently on the St. Catherine in a memorial window, observed that it was beautiful, but after all had no very great likeness to "old mistress." But a really great artist might not impossibly discover some middle way by which the homeliness of past centuries might be translated without irreverence into a language to be understood of modern church-goers; and so make the church itself something more of the home that it was in those ruder days.

But this is to look forward, and our present business is with the past. With churches in their church-wardenized condition, either "in their native whitewash and brickhood," as Walpole describes some that he visited, or in a state of utter neglect and decay, the font garnished with dead bats, and the carved roof literally a place where the swallow had found her nest, an explorer like the rector enjoyed many advantages which have almost passed away from the architectural student in these days; whilst, on the other hand, as the object of his exploration was then entirely unappreciated, he was apt to be received with much the same sort of suspicion as attends a modern delver among ruined cities of the farther East. But the historical evidences of moulding and of sculpture had not as yet been tampered with; and it was not necessary to ask whether such and such a design or detail was a thing of yesterday or a portion of the original building. If parts of the work had been destroyed, what remained was untouched save by time and whitewash, and only needed the architectural knowledge of



the explorer for its deciphering. How far the rector, by his occasional removal of monstrosities, by a vigorous scraping of whitewash from some rich sculpture, or by a more comely arrangement of some bare and half-ruined chancel, fore-shadowed and assisted the restoration movement which has advanced to such alarming lengths, it would be useless to enquire. At any rate his restoration did not mean destruction. There was a charm in his "*chasse aux églises*" like that which attends the explorer of a new country :

He was the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

When he began his wanderings there was probably no one in Devonshire except himself who did not regard Gothic architecture as an extinct barbarism ; and no one dreamt of expeditions for its sake. Walpole and Strawberry Hill had not reached so far west ; and few but the "*Ladies*" had studied the *Castle of Otranto*. Accordingly, it was impossible to say what treasures — what stately monument, what delicately-carved screen, or what antique painting, might not be found in any of the old churches that lay sleeping among the hills ; and, besides all this, the difficulty of getting access to them sometimes amounted to an adventure. Farmers and village sextons could not understand why a stranger should wish to enter their church, and they looked much askance at his proceedings. On one occasion, when visiting a remote parish which had not long before been agitated by a fear of thieves, his application for the church key produced an immediate fortification of all the houses in the place, beginning with the vicarage. Doors were locked and windows barred ; and it was only after a conference conducted under extreme difficulties, and a production of clear proofs of identity, that he and his companions were allowed to pass from under the eye of the parish constable.

It is idle to regret these old days. They are gone, and the past never comes back. But, perhaps, when the civilization of the age shall have run its course, when lines of railway are restored to their native coppices and fern brakes, when the walls of great factories are mossed in picturesque ruin, and when Mr. Ruskin's Utopia has become the pattern of life throughout the country, what was really good in them may reappear in fresh combinations and under different conditions ;

and thus, as we seem already to have returned to the sacques and ruffles of our great-great-grandmothers, our own remote descendants may know something of the quiet, unruffled existence which belonged to the household of our Devonshire rector.

R. J. K.

From The Spectator.

#### ENGLISH FOREIGN POLICY.

THE Foreign Minister of England must, under any Government, feel his position an awkward one. He is apparently expected to talk largely of the influence of England, and to do nothing which corresponds to his talk ; to take active measures for "preserving the peace of Europe" when the peace of Europe is not endangered, and to remit them directly it is ; to speak with ostentatious confidence of preserving the faith of international obligations, and when the pinch comes, to show conclusively how very little the faith of international obligations means. The short conversation between Lord Russell and Lord Derby in the House of Lords on the auguries of the day was not cheering in itself, but to any one who read it by the light of those eminent persons' achievements as Foreign Secretaries, it was still more depressing,—a little bit of acted burlesque. Lord Russell, in moving for correspondence on the affairs of Europe, said, (was it irony directed against himself, as he remembered his own great achievements in keeping the peace of Europe undisturbed when Denmark was attacked in 1864 ?) — "For his own part, he was convinced that such was the vast influence of England in the councils of Europe, that it would be in her power to preserve the general peace. He did not think that any Power would venture to disturb it, if there was a strong alliance between England and the other Powers to preserve the peace of Europe. He imagined, in the first place, that they might rely on Her Majesty's Government to adhere to all the engagements and all the treaties to which the Crown of Great Britain is bound to her allies. But on this point he hoped there would be no evasion, or attempt to evade or shirk those positive engagements which the Crown of this country had entered into. He trusted that if there was any danger to the peace of Europe, the whole influence of Great Britain would be exercised for the purpose of preserving that peace."



Considering that the decisive decline of English influence on the Continent, dates from Lord Russell's own shilly-shally about Denmark,—a country with which we suppose there was no "strong alliance" in Lord Russell's sense, or he would never have permitted the lesser Powers of Europe to be ridden down in that hectoring way in 1864,—these words were tolerably big. Lord Russell's professed desire to maintain peace in 1864 was quite as great as Lord Derby's could be now, and "the influence of England in the councils of Europe," if "vast" now, was certainly much "vaster" then, though we should have thought it more correct to speak of it as little then, and much less now. But Lord Russell did not maintain peace. On the contrary, his policy collapsed before the obvious timidity and disapprobation of the House of Commons, and with it the "vast influence of England in the councils of Europe"—for the present, at least. But Lord Derby's reply, read by the light of Lord Derby's own deeds, was hardly less depressing. First, Lord Derby thinks that if the peace of Europe is threatened, "without embroiling ourselves in a quarrel to which we were not a party, we should leave no reasonable endeavour untried to preserve peace." Now, what is a "reasonable endeavour" made by a nation quite intent on "not embroiling itself in quarrel to which it was not a party"? Does it only mean sending somebody to Europe,—as poor Lord Malmesbury did in 1859, when Lord Cowley ran about Europe like a hen round a duck-pond, cackling to all the little ducks to come out of that dangerous water,—to tell all the Governments of Europe how very much he objects to war, and how nice it would be if they would only be peaceable? Or does he mean by leaving no reasonable endeavour untried to preserve the peace, that he would not mind entering into another "collective guarantee," such as that made on the subject of Luxembourg by himself in 1867, warranted to mean nothing but words, and even proclaimed as meaning nothing but words on the very eve of its signature? Which ever he means, we fear it will not be calculated to increase the present "vast influence of England in the councils of Europe;" and we fear that Lord Derby's subsequent assurance that England regards her treaties as "binding in honour

and good faith" will, if read by the light of his explanations on the day after the signature of the guarantee of the neutrality of Luxembourg, not carry with it any great weight. The simple truth of the case is that "vast influence in the councils of Europe," or any other councils, is not to be gained without risking something considerable. Talking Powers which express their delight in peace, but button up their pockets the moment they are asked to strike a blow against aggression, will never have a "vast influence" in any councils, except in the dreams of somewhat obsolete statesmen. Whatever the true strength of England, and we at least have no intention of depreciating it, her *influence* must always be in direct proportion to her willingness to use it for what seems to her sufficient reason,—such sufficient reason being assumed to rest upon something wider and deeper than her own interests and their protection. So long as the House of Commons does not see this (and recent Houses of Commons, probably reflecting in part the influence of recent statesmen, certainly have not seen it), one of the idlest amusements we can think of is the pleasure which English statesmen seem to feel in believing and asserting that we can both eat our pudding and have it too,—that we can both have all the quiet which arises from reiterating that we are not going "to embroil ourselves in a quarrel to which we were not a party," and all that "vast influence in the councils of Europe" which springs from being willing to share some of the dangers and troubles due to invasions which we did not provoke. If the English people do not wish it, we certainly cannot have a strong foreign policy; but we can at least refrain from the rather pitiful boast that our influence can always prevent the peace of Europe from being broken, when we well know that if Lord Derby, like Lord Malmesbury in 1859, sent all over Europe to entreat his dear friends not to appeal to the brutal arbitrament of force, the one question asked would be, "What will you sacrifice to put down the first aggressor?" and that the answer would inevitably be, "Nothing,"—an answer which would also represent excellently the exact amount of our "vast influence in the councils of Europe" after we had given it.

From The Economist.

## THE REALITY OF THE INDIAN FAMINE.

THE discussions here upon the famine in India and the narratives of it sent home naturally turn upon its more salient outlines and its more picturesque features. They tell us, or try to tell us, whether Lord Northbrook was right in his policy in this or that matter; whether Sir G. Campbell suggested something better or worse; what is the state of the population at this moment in Tirhoot or elsewhere. And we would not deny for an instant the value of this information and argument. They are absolutely necessary for those who have to decide upon, and for those who wish to learn, the details of this painful event. But there is besides a much deeper class of considerations which this controversy and these details tend to hide. We have to face in India a great and new problem, and we ought to see what that problem is.

The population of India is now, for the first time in history, augmenting with great rapidity: year by year the people become more and more numerous. The peace we have compelled, the infanticide we have prevented, the little civilization we have introduced, all tend in this way. But there is no corresponding addition to the means of supporting the people. Already they are as thick upon the soil as almost anywhere in the world. The habits of the people are much opposed to change, and the fixed, inherited structure of society often prohibits it. The present subsistence of the poorest in many parts is excessively small, and consists mainly of the cheapest kind of food, and the most precarious. More or less unfavourable seasons constantly happen, and the consequence is more or less of scarcity, more or less of high prices, and more or fewer deaths among the population. The number of the population is already enormous; there was till lately an error in our estimate of it. We thought, by traditional computation, that it was in Bengal alone 43,000,000, but by actual counting we find it comes to 66,000,000, and 23,000,000, the amount of this error, is about the population of England and Wales. The problem is, then, Are we right by our imported Government to force on the indefinite augmentation of this enormous multitude, and if so, how are we to provide for them?

We cannot pretend to solve that problem at the present moment, nor should

we be heeded if we did; the public does not know that there is such a problem. We must therefore prove its existence, and unfortunately it is easy enough to do so by a series of citations from writers and speakers of official authority. There is a disposition on the part of the public to look on this Indian famine as an isolated and anomalous event which we have to deal with now once for all, and the like of which we need not expect to see again. But the late Secretary of State for India, the Duke of Argyll, thus warns us to the contrary: — "My Lords," he says, "it is melancholy to think that I should remind your lordships of the fact that famines are of by no means rare occurrence in India. Without going back to the famines of the last century, some of which have left terrible remembrances in the recollections of the people, but going back only to the Mutiny of a few years ago, we find that no fewer than four scarcities, amounting almost to famines, have occurred since that time. Every Minister who has had charge of the affairs of India, however short his term of office, since the Mutiny of 1857, has had to deal with a scarcity of that kind in some part of India. In 1861–62 my noble friend behind me, who so long presided over the Government of India, had to deal with a serious famine in the North-West Provinces. During the time another of my hon. friends held the seals of the India Office, he had to deal with the famine of 1865 and 1866, and when he handed those seals to my noble friend opposite, he (the Marquis of Salisbury) assumed office in the very midst of a famine which has left such a bitter recollection on the minds of the people. Again, when Sir Stafford Northcote gave up the seals of office, and I took them in 1868–69, there was then in the North-West Provinces a serious famine which cost the lives of thousands of people. And, lastly, when I retire from office my noble friend opposite succeeds in the middle of a calamity threatening great danger to the enormously populous district of Behar." — [Speech in the House of Lords, April 24, 1874.]

The present famine is greater than some famines, though less than others, but what is new in it is the attention given to it in England, and the mode of treatment adopted in India. For the first time we are applying on a sufficient scale European ideas to an Asiatic problem. The native governments always let their subjects die without an effort to save them, and though we have generally made

some efforts, for them, yet they have always been ineffectual, and never comparable to what we are now doing.

Next we cite Dr. Hunter, the accomplished Director of Statistics for the Indian Government, who writes thus in his "Annals of Rural Bengal," a book written before the late census and before the present controversies:—"In the old times, when war and pestilence constantly thinned them, the system of non-inquiry acted tolerably well; but now that peace is sternly imposed, when vaccination is introduced, and everything is done that modern science can suggest to reduce the ravages of pestilence to a minimum, the people increase at a rate that threatens to render the struggle for life harder under British rule than under Mussulman tyranny. At the same time, we have taken away slavery, the last resource of the cultivator when he cannot earn a livelihood for his family. In short, we are attempting to govern according to the principles of Christian humanity and modern civilization, forgetful that under such a system the numbers of a people increase, while in India the means of subsistence stand still. Progress implies dangers unknown in stationary societies, and an imported civilization is a safe experiment only when the changes which it works are ascertained and provided for. In the absence of machinery for discovering the pressure of the population, we are liable at any moment to be rudely awakened to the fact that the blessings of British rule have been turned into curses; and, as in the case of the Santals before their rising, that protection from the sword and pestilence has only intensified the difficulty of subsistence."—[Annals of Rural Bengal, pp. 259-260.]

And of what sort the present so-called subsistence is the same very able writer tells us in his last book, with which he has evidently taken the greatest pains, and in preparing which he has had all the official machinery of his department at his disposal. "It would," he says, "be beyond my knowledge to say what proportion of these labourers and agriculturalists are within reach of starvation during a famine. But the following rough estimate may be useful. I consider that 9 1-2 millions, or one-fourth of them, do not earn more than Rs. 5 (ten shillings) a month, or say 3 annas a day, during a working month of 27 days; another quarter of them earn between Rs. 5 and Rs. 8 (*i.e.*, between ten shillings and sixteen shillings) a month. The earnings of an-

other quarter of them may be put down between Rs. 8 and Rs. 10·8 (*i.e.*, sixteen to twenty-one shillings) a month. The remaining quarter averages about Rs. 12·8 a month (twenty-five shillings), and very few even of this comfortable class can afford to spend over Rs. 16 (or thirty-two shillings) per mensem.

"It is not my business here to make proposals as to the methods of dealing with the famine, but merely to furnish a basis of systematized evidence by which such proposals may be judged. Elsewhere I have had an opportunity of submitting any views I may personally entertain with regard to the main lines of a Famine Policy. For the present it suffices merely to summarize the evidence contained in the following District Accounts.

"*First*.—Ordinary Prices. The rate of common rice in prosperous years may be set down at 1 1-2 farthings per pound.

"*Second*.—Famine warnings. When rice reaches double these rates after the December harvest, or in January or February, that is to say, to 3 farthings per pound, these prices should be accepted as a warning of famine later in the year, and would justify action in anticipation of famine, unless the facilities for importation, or some other of the special conditions mentioned in the District Accounts rendered famine unlikely in the District.

"*Third*.—Actual Famine Rates. If rice rises to three times the ordinary rates in prosperous years, that is to say, to 5 farthings per pound, the actual famine point is in some Districts of Bengal reached, and Relief Works become in such Districts necessary. This formula must also be taken as subject to the limitations and reservations contained in the District Accounts. Different localities exhibit very different powers of resistance to the strain of famine.

"*Fourth*.—These figures very forcibly suggest the extremely small difference (when expressed in English money) between plenty and scarcity. Three and a half farthings per pound represent the whole intermediate area between a year of prosperity and one of famine; while there are only two farthings per pound between the rates which amount to a famine warning and those at which the famine point is reached.

"*Fifth*.—These facts explain the invariable and urgent demand by the native community to prohibit exportation during famine. I would not be understood

to advocate that demand. Such a measure involves wide considerations of public policy which cannot be discussed here. But I have never seen the question adequately discussed by the light which these figures now shed upon it. I am told that the retail price of rice in Europe may rise a few farthings a pound without causing anything like a sudden cessation of the consumption. But in Bengal two farthings make the whole difference between a famine warning and the famine point, and three and a half farthings per pound the whole difference between a time of plenty and a time of famine. It is clear, therefore, that as a difference of a few farthings does not cause a cessation of the demand in Europe, exportation will go on although these same few farthings may mean starvation for the Bengal peasant."—[A System of Famine Warnings, pp. 14–16.]

We have nothing to do, any more than this writer, with the policy or impolicy of prohibiting exportation; we are only showing how badly the people are off in common times, and how little it takes to bring them to starvation. And now let us hear from Mr. Beverley, the Census Commissioner, the best authority on the subject, how surely the population multiply in all this misery.—"The wider prevalence, I may say the universality, of marriage in this country will account for a larger proportion of births among the population. Marriage and the raising of offspring is considered a religious duty by the Hindu, and both sons and daughters are early provided for in this respect by all right-minded and orthodox parents. So important is it considered to have male offspring by whom the funeral rites may be duly celebrated, that not only is a second marriage permitted to males, but a pretext is thus found even for polygamy. It is quite possible, again, that owing to the earlier age at which marriage is consummated as compared with European countries, larger families as a rule should be the result. It may, of course, be urged that the interdiction of widow marriages must have an injurious effect upon the increase of the population, but after all, I should be inclined to doubt whether the proportion of Hindu widows at all approaches the proportion of unmarried women in England or other European countries. And we must further bear in mind, that moral restraints upon marriage do not exist in this country. The information which this Association lately collected in regard to

the agricultural classes, conclusively shows that marriage takes place as a matter of course, and is scarcely, if at all influenced by any consideration of the means of living."—[Journal of the Statistical Society, March, 1874, p. 95.]

No doubt the incessant multiplication thus unhealthily stimulated was under the native system restrained by war and infanticide, by misery, death, and pestilence. But we can remove these restraints; we can hardly do otherwise if we are to rule at all; and therefore by inevitable laws the evil increases upon us.

As we have before said, it would be premature to discuss the true solution of this problem now. The difficulty must be seen before it can be met, and appreciated before it can be removed. We can only state that none greater or more fearful has ever occupied or is ever likely to occupy English statesmen.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
ITALIAN AFFAIRS.

ROME, April 23.

THE Italian Liberals of the dominant party are proud of nothing so much as the ecclesiastical policy they have adopted ever since Cavour's death and on Cavour's advice. It remains an open question whether the great statesman, whose prominent quality was pliability to circumstances, would have continued to recommend the principle of the "free Church in a free State" after the failure of all attempts towards a reconciliation with the Court of Rome, after the total transformation the Catholic Church underwent in 1870; nay, it is extremely doubtful whether that astute sceptic ever really believed in the virtue of his own principle or only advanced it as a political *mot d'ordre* for the time being. Certain it is the Italians have honestly and consistently tried to act up to it; and, if they have taken away his dominions from the Pope and their properties from the religious communities, they have left the Church otherwise free to act as she pleases; and they look down on the Swiss and German politicians who have taken a different course with something like the consciousness of superiority with which a convinced disciple of John Stuart Mill looks down upon a Cranmer or a Latimer. I do not intend entering into an examination as to the absolute or relative value of the much-vaunted prin-

ciple; I will not ask whether it is not made, as Mr. Fitzjames Stephen thinks, "to emasculate both Church and State," and whether "to turn Churches into mere voluntary associations is not on the part of the State an act of covert unbelief rather than of neutrality;" nor shall I question whether the oldest country in Europe, the cradle and metropolis of Catholicism—a country where there is only one Church, and that one the most powerfully organized in the world—be in the same position as a new country, such as North America, where there exist hundreds of Churches, and where the immense majority is hostile to Roman Catholicism. All I wish to inquire into and to state are the results obtained by the Italian policy towards Rome, and whether it is not now time to inaugurate a different system.

The Holy Father has not as yet recognized the new kingdom, and he and his ecclesiastical army are as much opposed to it now as they were fifteen years ago. The ardently desired reconciliation has not been brought about. Pope and clergy, albeit the former disdainfully rejects all the pecuniary offers made to him by the Italian Government, and although the latter do not deign to solicit from nor even to announce their appointments to the Royal authorities in order to obtain their salary, are in a far more flourishing financial condition than Italy, and look to the future with confidence. The ecclesiastical schools, both popular and classical, still count four times as many pupils as the Government educational establishments. The Conservative classes of the country, faithful to the watchword from the Vatican—"Nè elettori, nè eletti"—take no part in the political life of the kingdom; and the Extreme Right in Parliament is composed exclusively of men who in every other legislative assembly in the world would be seated in the Left Centre: in other terms two-fifths, and perhaps the most influential part, of the population, are not legally represented. Finally, in case of a war the organized ecclesiastical army, whose chief resides in the Vatican, would not only support but openly appeal to the country's enemies. Meanwhile, the press and the pulpit, to say nothing of the confessional, are free to attack not only the laws and Constitution of the kingdom, but also the very legality of its existence, Government having voluntarily laid aside its best weapons and not daring to employ even those which are

still left to them. It suffices for the clergy to oppose a law which they recognize and submit to without a murmur in the most fervently Catholic countries, such as France and Belgium, for the Government to abandon it. I allude to the bill on the obligatory priority of civil to religious marriage, the absence of which bill has brought, and brings daily, incalculable mischief to thousands of Italian subjects whom the present law regards as living in concubinage, whose children are illegitimate and unable to inherit, &c. It is enough for a fanatical bishop, neither recognized by Government nor recognizing it, to excommunicate the poor peasants who dared to elect their own curates for the Government to abandon both the confiding populations and their courageous priests. It is enough for the Holy See to express a dislike to hear the divinity of Christ discussed on the Capitol, or to see a Bible Society setting to work, for Government to become its instrument.

To all this the Italian Liberals have two answers ready: the first, Should we have succeeded better by trying to force the clergy's submission to the State? the second, Would it be possible in Italy to follow such a course? The failure of Germany in her attempts to subdue the rebellious clergy is generally quoted in answer to the first of these questions; but the Italians forget two little circumstances: one, that Germany only began a year or two ago to show her determination to enforce respect for the laws; the other, that Germany has let the moment pass when she would have been able to do so without encountering much resistance, the whole of the German clergy having been disposed in 1870 to side with the Government against Rome, and only having submitted to the Vatican after vainly waiting for support and finding themselves abandoned. *L'Eglise est femme*. Wheresoever a strong Government has shown a firm will from the outset the Roman Court has yielded, in the times of Louis XIV. and Napoleon I. as well as in our days. France has enjoyed for seventy years the very same legislation against which the German bishops are rebelling, and there is no need of persecution to induce the French prelates to submit to it. In Austria the bishops in their protest against the new laws have declared beforehand that they would nevertheless submit to them; and Monsignor Jacobini has left us a few days ago for Vienna, bearer of conciliatory propo-



sals from the Pope. If Germany and Italy had from the beginning shown the intention to brook no resistance, they would not have found any. The former has perceived her mistake betimes. Italy still persists in believing—or in trying to believe—that she has chosen the better course. Besides, with our character, with our manners and customs, says the Italian Liberal, a policy of the kind you advocate is impossible. We are all sceptics; we do not care a straw for religion; we neither hate nor love Catholicism; we are completely indifferent. How would it be possible to stir up a religious war in so lukewarm an atmosphere? We may assure our Italian friends that things are not very differently situated in the rest of the Continent; that scepticism is rife enough in France and in Austria as well as in Italy; and that the German middle classes are even more than indifferent, for such a thing as religion does not exist for them. The contest we are now witnessing in the new empire is by no means one between Protestantism and Catholicism; it is between Church and State; it is not a religious but a political war; not opposite dogmas but opposite interests which are at issue. We are quite aware that it would be ridiculous to suppose Italy capable of a religious zeal similar to that we see in England and America, for faith of any kind is quite out of the question here. But so it is in Germany. Of course, Germans carry even into unbelief and freethought an earnestness which is natural to them, and which does not lie in the Italian character; but this conflict has not even been undertaken under the name of Freethought versus Catholicism, it is State versus Church; and precisely because neither the French nor the English State have been threatened, they are able to look quietly on as mere spectators. In Germany, in Italy, and in Russia, on the contrary, where the Church of Rome sides with the State's enemies, she evidently aims at the State's destruction; and just as she accepts the assistance of Poles, Alsations, Danes, and Communists, the State in Germany accepts—as the State in Italy ought to do—the assistance of Old Catholics, sincere Protestants, Jews, and freethinkers, in order to strengthen itself against its dangerous adversary. Surely, an organization which is based upon faith is not to be subdued if the adverse party be devoid of faith. Nor is it in reality. There is yet a belief on the Continent

which has survived all religious faith; a belief which is just now stronger than ever among the enlightened classes, and perhaps stronger in Italy than in Germany. That belief is patriotism. It is not by appeals to a more rigid or a purer religious belief that the Italians will be roused against the Church, but by the love of their country, the safety of which is now threatened by their old enemy. There can be no doubt that if the Italian Government were to follow the example of Napoleon I., the German Emperor, Count Andrassy, and M. Céréssole—if they looked upon the struggle as what it really is, a political war—it would arouse as much enthusiasm as the Berlin and Berne Governments have found on the part of the German and Swiss people; but then, of course, they must *lasciar dir la gente*, and submit to being censured by those in whose eyes all energy is cruelty and all firmness inhumanity.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### THE FIJI ISLANDS.

##### III.—THE BLACKS.

ONE of the greatest difficulties in Fiji, as in all tropical countries, is of course the labour question. White men can work and do work very hard in Fiji; but the climate is really unsuited for Europeans to do more than superintend, especially during the hurricane months. Those who attempt constant labour almost invariably suffer. Instances could be given of planters who have ploughed day after day for weeks under that burning sun; but these are men of exceptional strength, and sooner or later they feel the effects seriously. The moist heat is at certain seasons so relaxing that even those who have been accustomed to the glare of Queensland are forced to give in. Whites, thus shut off from exerting themselves much and being few in number, turn naturally to the Fijians to help them. But the Fijians will not work regularly on their own islands, and even when they are sent to plantations in another part of the group, they require looking after by their own chiefs. Food to the extent which they need can be obtained with a very moderate amount of labour, and the severe and continuous exertion which is necessary for European methods of cultivation is altogether opposed to their ideas of a reasonable existence. A few may be found who can be trained into regular

habits of industry by strict rules, combined with a system of rewards; but the utmost which can be expected from Fijians in general is a quantity of desultory, ill-organized work during the planting and picking times. Consequently the practice of importing labourers from neighbouring groups to the west and north-west commenced almost as soon as cotton began to be systematically cultivated. A voyage of a few hundred miles in Polynesia is looked upon as quite a trifle, and during the prevalence of the steady trade winds a small vessel will set sail for the New Hebrides, the Solomon Islands, or the groups on the Equator, with as little hesitation as a yachtsman would have in crossing the Channel; and this although many of the harbours and inlets are still very imperfectly surveyed. Most of the groups within five or six hundred miles are now well known to the regular labour ships, and it is rare to find an island on the ordinary cruising ground where the natives do not understand more or less English. Some of the skippers of these labour craft inveigh against the worst forms of kidnapping as strenuously as the most vehement professional philanthropist in Exeter Hall. They do so not in the spirit of Bishop Patteson, but simply because it damages their business. The power of the chiefs is such throughout this part of Polynesia that if arrangements can be made with them they can supply any reasonable number of men for a fixed time. And if these are returned at the expiration of the period agreed upon with a fair amount of trade as wages, having been well fed in the interval, it is no difficult matter to get more, or even to induce the same men to return after a few weeks' run ashore. Certain plantations and islands, however, soon get a bad name, and serious troubles have arisen when men who had embarked for a definite plantation found on their arrival that they were transferred to another. It is the same with the vessels themselves. If a labour ship once gets the reputation of "blackbirding," it will go hard but she meets with a rough reception the next time she visits those islands where she began that nefarious sport. The *Marion Renny*, for example, had three of her crew murdered, though most of her voyages were quite legitimate. No doubt caution is always necessary. Natives know the value of white men's ships full well, and the amount of trade which they may expect to find on board, and are ever ready to make a dash when an opportunity is

given. But revenge is even a more powerful motive with savages than greed, and sometimes the innocent suffer for the guilty. Still, the fact that vessels have plied to and fro the same islands with "labour" for years without losing a man of their crews shows that the natives do exercise some discrimination, or perhaps some self-restraint.

The islanders thus imported vary remarkably in appearance and in value as labourers. The same group and portions of the same small island will produce men of quite different power and disposition, who do not even understand one another's language. Their cost has been continually rising. At first a captain who could dispose of good serviceable men at £5 or £6 a head for the three years' engagement thought he did pretty well; but the price has run up since to £15 and even £20 for the same time. Of all the natives who are brought to Fiji, the Tanna men, who come from one of the New Hebrides, are, on the whole, preferred. As a rule they are not very large, but they are strong, fierce, and warlike to the highest degree. In their own islands they are constantly at war, and they almost always choose knives or guns and powder as the reward of their three years' work. By the help of these they hope to rid themselves of the tribes with whom they are at enmity. But, ferocious and dangerous as the Tanna men are on first arrival, they soon become excellent hands under firm and proper guidance. Both they and their neighbours from Mullakula and Sandwich may be trusted within a short time, not only to manage horses and a plough, but even to attend to a steam-engine, and, under superintendence, to take charge of the machinery of the cotton-gins. Their warlike nature and courage make them useful where there is a likelihood of an attack by the Fijian mountaineers. The very idea of a fray with the Fijians is to them delightful, and in some of the encounters which have taken place between the natives and the settlers the Tanna and Sandwich boys have shown bravery and skill in bush-fighting of no mean order. No Fijians stand a chance with them. In spite, however, of their apparent attachment to a good master, and their capacity for continuous and even intelligent work when they are well fed and well managed, they remain treacherous and cruel. White men have found this out to their cost. To kill their masters and run away with the vessel is a feat of which they are al-

ways capable, no matter how well they have been treated. Most of them are very near akin to the full-blooded negro, black, thick-lipped, and with curly hair. Their native climate being nearly the same as that of the Fijis, the transfer to the islands does them no harm and the food suits them well. It may be said in passing that in this matter of food strict regulation is needed. Although it is to the planter's interest to feed his men well, and therefore, apart from any motives of humanity, he generally does so, yet instances have occurred in which, a plantation being somewhat over-manned and yams dear, the men have been neglected. Every planter should be able to show before taking labourers that he has sufficient food at command to support them for at least six months. The men from the Solomon Group have, as a whole, been rather inferior; they are deficient both in stamina and in intelligence. Ere long, if the traffic continues, the labour vessels from Fiji, Queensland, and New Caledonia will have to go farther afield in search of adequate supplies. Papua alone would probably repay the visit of an adventurous captain, and if he escaped with his life, he might reckon upon procuring enough natives. It is this extension of commerce, and perhaps colonization towards the west into the great Indian Archipelago, which may constitute hereafter a serious responsibility should we annex Fiji.

A very interesting body of people are the Line Islanders, who are brought from the small coral groups on the Equator. Numbers of them have lately been taken back by the *Alacrity*. Their islands are so low and flat that were it not for the cocoa-nut trees they could not be seen from a ship till it came close upon them. These Line men more resemble the New Zealanders than any other race in the South Seas, not excepting even the Kanakas. Men and women alike go entirely naked on their own islands, though they soon adopt clothing after landing in Fiji. For the most part they are of an olive complexion, and have long straight black hair, which falls in shaggy masses over their shoulders. Both sexes are tall and shapely, and many of the men are elaborately tattooed from head to foot. Their food on their own islands consists chiefly of cocoa-nuts, fish, and dry taro. They swim and dive better than any race in Polynesia; the time during which they will remain

under water is amazing, and armed with a knife, they will absolutely go out, as the Maories are said to have gone, and fight a shark in the open sea, rarely failing to kill him. This singular race has apparently no hereditary chiefs. There is a certain respect and deference paid to the elders, but equality reigns in the main, and each island forms a sort of petty republic. A more revengeful people never lived. Vendettas equalling or surpassing those of Corsica in ferocity and persistence go on for years. The principal weapon which they use to carry out their vengeance is that horrible implement a shark's-tooth knife. This consists of a flat blade of wood, to which shark's teeth as sharp and cutting as razors are affixed with sinnet on either side. This knife, or rather saw, inflicts the most frightful gashes, and it is rare indeed to see a Tokalau man or woman unmarked with some hideous scar. Their delight with European knives is such that they at once wish to make trial of them upon one another. In their native condition they frequently get drunk on cocoa-nut toddy, and then run amuck, killing whomsoever they may encounter. So much is this the case that any white man who proposes to take up his abode on their islands for a time is at once taught to climb a cocoa-nut tree. Even a Tokalau man, when drunk, cannot climb. They are particularly skilful in making mats, hats, &c., and soon become expert carpenters. European tools of all kinds they specially admire, and rarely return to their islands without taking several with them. Though even more difficult to deal with on first landing than the Tanna men, they are far more faithful. When once subdued, their fidelity and attachment to their masters are remarkable. Hot as the climate of the Fijis is, it is too cold for them, and they suffer a good deal from the change in temperature and in food, for cocoa-nuts can rarely be provided for them in sufficient quantities. Not even the superiority of the Fijian houses to their leaf-built huts on the Equator and the use of clothing seem to save them from consumption. Unfortunately, too, they have suffered more than any others from kidnapping. Some islands have been completely depopulated, and one at least was deprived of all its women in order that "wives" might be provided for the Chinamen at work on Tahiti. Very soon, therefore, unless the little colonies which have been

planted at Mokenai and elsewhere in Fiji take root and flourish, nothing more will be seen of the Line Islanders.

The Rotumans—a far superior race to either of those mentioned—can scarcely be considered as imported labourers at all. They can only be obtained by the promise of very fair wages. In appearance they strongly resemble the Japanese, and, although uncivilized, they show like them a marvellous aptitude for adapting themselves to new conditions of life. As seamen, labourers, servants—and, indeed, for almost any purpose—they are not very far inferior to an ordinary white man. One white sailor and four Rotuma boys would be a sufficient crew for a good-sized craft. Like all such people, however, they ought never to be relied upon in a climate many degrees colder than their own. Rotuma is so small an island that anything like a regular supply of labour thence must not be expected.

Looking over the whole circumstances of the labour traffic, it seems unlikely that, if Fiji is developed to anything near the extent which its fertility promises, the other islands of Polynesia will continue to supply sufficient labour. Indeed they do not do so now; and already white men have settled at Port Resolution in the New Hebrides and elsewhere, thus, by making use of the natives on the spot, still further restricting the area which could be drawn upon. Whether Papua, as we have suggested, might afford a new field, it is difficult with our present scanty knowledge of that great island to decide. That the man-eating savages there and in the Prince of Wales's Island would be benefited by transplantation for a few years to a more civilized region there is little doubt; but the difficulties attending any such deportation on a large scale are manifestly great. The inevitable Chinaman, therefore, once more makes his appearance upon the scene, and in view of what has been accomplished by even a small number of this clever, industrious, and persevering people in Tahiti and the Sandwich Islands, it is more than probable that other portions of Polynesia, Fiji included, will benefit by their immigration so soon as a responsible Government is firmly established.

From Chambers' Journal.  
EXOTIC ENGLISH.

FIFTY years ago, "Here they spike the English!" was an announcement to be seen in many a Parisian shop-window. How they did "spike" it may be guessed from the manner in which they wrote it, sundry specimens of the Gallic-English current in Paris in 1822 being preserved in the pages of the *Mirror* of that year. M. Oliver, the Houdin of the day, promised, in his bills, to perform "an infinity of Legerdemains worthy to excite the curiosity of spectators;" such as, "the cut and burnt handkerchieves who shall take up their primitive forms, the watch thrown up et nailed against the wall by a pistol-shot, the enchanted glass wine, the handsome Elisina in her trunk;" and some "low automatons who will dance up on a rope and shall do the most difficult tricks;" concluding with a *Pantasmagory* disposed in a manner as not to frighten the ladies. At a restaurant in the Palais-Royal, "Macaroni not baked sooner ready" was to be obtained; and a hairdresser in the Rue St. Honoré sought to attract the wandering Briton by proclaiming: "Hear to cut off here in English fashion." The proprietor of the Montesquieu Baths issued a card notifying all it might concern: "As for the brothes, liquid or any breakfast, and, in one word, all other things relative to the service of the bathes, the Persons will be so good as to direct themselves to the servant bathers, who will satisfy them with the greatest attention. The public is invited not to search to displace the suckets and the swan necks, in order to forbear the accidents which may result of is, in not calling the servant bathers to his aid. The servant bathers, in consequence of having no wages, desire the bathers do not forget them." The last clause is plain English enough. Those who desired clean linen as well as clean skins might command the services of Madame Canraiz—"washerwoman and washes embroideries, lace, gazes, silk-stockings, also household's furniture's in linen table cloths, napkins, and calenders all at one's desire; she will also charge herself of the entertaining the works that is to be done to all sorts of linen for the body, and will be exactly delivered at one's desire."

It may be doubted whether the Frenchmen of to-day are capable of expressing their ideas in much better English than were their fathers and grandfathers; indeed they seem to have still odder no-

tions as to what is good English. No example given above is worse than "sworkshops are moved by steam," or "hot, cold, and shewer bats on the premmioses;" not one is so bad as "Thases prices its not ervaluable wen they vegetable erres news," intended for, "These prices do not hold good when the vegetables are out of season;" and not one is so unintelligible as "Delaponte, proprietor of the Scie a Rubans, said the endless saw, fit to the sawing of the madriers, planks thin, boards, augar, &c;" or "articulation without swipe"—mysterious words of praise applied to a weighing-machine. A certain new-fashioned inkstand may possibly be an article no gentleman's library should be without, but we learn little of its merits by being told, "People wishes to sell out at very good condition this patent right, which would offer much profit to those who would try to value it;" nor should we be inclined to speculate in a patent bathing-girdle so artfully combined that "the person, the bathing-tub, and the machine are forming one inseparable piece!" The purchaser of a "Proliferous Top" would hardly know what to do with it, lacking more lucid instructions than these: Roll the string in the pulley and draw; put the mother top, which is then in motion, on the little ones which are scattered about purposely one after the other; it is sufficient for putting them in movement; count numbers brought. The top goes in every manner that is wished according to the chances of positions or the skill of persons. It is a pity one should not understand all about this wonderful invention; for another tradesman assures us, "the proliferous top is not only an attractive toy, an agreeable pass time, it is also a healthy and instructive exercise, for the reason that it provokes in a certain measure a material and intellectual work, the importance of which may not be perceived at first sight by shallow minds; but which, nevertheless, will have its influence on the physical and moral development of the child. Moreover, this toy is the ingenious work of a learned physician, who has travelled in various countries, and has for a long time meditated on the causes and effects which have the most influence on human organization with regards both to health and intelligence." George Robins himself could not have done better.

A Spanish blacking-maker, an exhibitor at the French Exhibition of 1867, issued the following challenge to manu-

facturers of boot-polish: "The First of Andalusia.—Grand Manufactory of Blacking, oely and resinous, titled the Emperor of the Blackings. Black Ink, and all colours to write with of D. Joseph Grau, Member of the National Academy of Great Britain, revoarded in the Sevillian Exhibition of 1858, and that of London in 1862. Spain: Andalusia: Seville O'donnell Street N. 34. This blackings is knoconed to be the most useful for the conservation of the shes, for its brilliancy, solidity, permanency, flexibility, and complete discomposition of the black animal. Mr. Grau dus a present of L.20 sterling to the person that will present hum a blacking in paste that will reunite the same conditions as the Emperor of the Blackings." We should like to know the whereabouts of the blacking-maker's National Academy, and a little information as to the nature of the black animal he manages to decompose, would be acceptable; and we should like to taste Herr Holzer's "wine and tea stake," distinguished by its aroma, swift dissolubility, and his property to advance the digestion, and which doubtless "is extra, ordinary fitted for being taken with wine, tea, and punch," particularly if accompanied by Simon's "finest children biscuits," unless the tea-stake is itself a tea-cake.

It is nothing unusual for a man to criticise what he does not understand, but only a Frenchman could have the presumption to pass judgment upon a poet like Pope, while he could not quote a line of his correctly, turning, for instance, "Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all," into, "Be pleased with a nothing, is no blessed with all;" and, "'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere," into "'Tis ne where to be found ot everivohere." Even Chateaubriand must make nonsense of sense when quoting a verse from a well-known song, and write—

If the wind tempestuous blowing,  
Still no danger they descry,  
The guiltless heart its boon bestowing  
Soothes them with its lolly boy.

Chateaubriand's blunder was absurd enough, but excusable in comparison with the mistakes perpetrated by the editor of the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, who tells his readers Charles Dickens wrote "The posthumous papers of the Pickswicks-club," "Olivier Twist," "Chuzzlevil," "Christmas Carol," "Cricket on the Earth," and "Dombey and his Son."



A French count, writing to a friend of Charles Young the actor said: "Be not surpriz'd i write so perfectly well in English, but since i am here, i speak and hear speaking all the day English, and during the nights, if some rats or mouses trouble me, I tell them Go lon, and they obey, understanding perfectly my English." Possibly that sentence was a surprise, coming after "almost every day the thunder is rolling upon our head with noise that should faint you, being as coward as a turkey." The count, we may be sure, never intended to call his correspondent a coward. Further on he blunders into insulting a lady—"i have receive at this moment a letter from Lady S—. i put my thanks at her feet as the post go at two o'clock. I have not time to write to her ladyship, but i will comply soon with the liberty she gave me. Be sure that i have not forgot Lady S—in my prayers, *though not so good as i could wish indeed.* Believe the faithful friendship that i feel for you, my dear sister-in-law, since that you were so much high than my finger." The count must surely have been beguiled by one of those funny books issued abroad for the benefit of students desirous of becoming acquainted with the mysteries of the English language—blind leaders of the blind indeed. Here is a little anecdote from one of them. "A lady, which was to dine, chid to her servant that she had not used butter enough. This girl, for the excuse him selves, was bring a little cat on her hand, and told that she came to take him in the crime, finishing to eat the two pounds from butter who remain. The lady took immediately the cat, was put into the balances, it had not weighed theat one an half pound." Still better is this: "The Scarron poet, being almost to die, told their servants which were weeping a bout a from her bed: 'My children, you have shed too many tears; you shall not weep as much as I had done to laugh.'" Under the very appropriate heading of "Idiotisms," we find some old friends disguised almost beyond recognition, among them: Every one for him, and God for all.—It wants to speak of the rope a in the house of the hanged.—He is beggar as a church rat.—A thing is tell, and another thing is make.—To good appetite is not want any sauce.—Keep the chestnut of the fire with the cat foot.—Times is money.—Which looks for, find.—To dig of fire and to fall on small coals.—Take the occasion for the hairs.—Which not risk nothing has anything.—So many go the jar to

spring, than at last rest there.—The stone as roll, not heap up foam. When foreigners display such ingenuity in inventing new readings, it is time our own Shakespearean commentators should look to their laurels.

The natives of India appear to be adepts in saying exactly what they do not mean. A Madrassee clerk besought a day's holiday, because he was unfortunately ill, by a singular dispensation, his ailment being "fever and grapes." A petitioner for a place promised, if his petition were granted, that he and his would ever cease to pray to the humble Almighty to shower his blessings upon their benefactor's head; and a Punjab schoolmaster proved how admirably he was qualified for teaching the rising generation the language of their rulers, by inditing the following letter to an English gentleman: "HON. SIR—I am most anxious to hear you are sick. I pray to God to gee you soon at R—in a state of triumph. The climate is very good and proves unhealthy. No deputy commissioner complains ever for want of climate. If you also come here, I think it will agree with your state. An information expectant or reversionary respecting your recovery state is expected, and I shall be thankful to you." Not much more lucid was the notice posted in a Lahore hotel, a couple of years ago: "Gentlemen who come in hotel, not say anything about their meals they will be charged for, and if they should say beforehand that they are going out to breakfast or dinner, are if they say that they not have anything to eat, they will be charged, and if not so, they will be charged, or, unless they bring it to the notice of the manager, and should they want to say anything, they must order the manager for, and not any one else, and unless they not bring it to the notice of the manager, they will be charged for the least things according to hotel rate, and no fuss will be allowed afterward about it. Should any gentleman take wall-lamp or candle-light from the public rooms, they must pay for it without any dispute its charges. Monthly gentlemens will have to pay my fixed rate made with them at the time, and should they absent day in the month, they will not be allowed to deduct anything out of it, because I take from them less rate than my usual rate of monthly charges." However shaky our Lahore host's English may be, it is clear that he conducted his business upon precisely the same principle as his British brethren in the main.